Northern Messenger

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W M Pozer 31407

A Lesson From a Sparrow.

A little sparrow lies dead upon the ground. Does anyone care for that little bird?

Yes; God cares. The great God Almighty, who made you and me, who made heaven and earth, He cares for the little sparrow. Our Lord Jesus Christ said, 'Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?' God takes notice of everything He has made. Not a sparrow falls to the ground and dies without Him. without His knowledge, without His will.

But Jesus Christ said more. When He spoke about sparrows, He was speaking to 'men,' to His disciples, and He said to them, 'But even the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not therefore: ye are of more value than many sparrows.'

Did He mean those disciples only to whom He was speaking? Or did he mean all His disciples in every age? Further, did He mean every man and woman? Did He mean us?

Surely He did. If God cares for sparrows, He certainly cares for us. That is what our Lord meant to teach us. You may be poor, low, bad; you may be cast off by man; you may even deserve it by reason of the life you are leading. Yet look at that little sparrow. God takes notice of it, God cares for it. Does He not take notice of you, and care for you?

Ah! why do you not care for Him? The little sparrow cannot. But you can, for you have thought and sense. You must have learned something about God; the great God who made you, who keeps you, who loves you; who loved you so much that He gave His dear Son to die for you. You are not like the little bird. You can think. You have learned something about God. Yet perhaps you are as careless about Him as the sparrow itself.

Can this be right, to live with no thought of God? Is it grateful? Is it wise? Is it safe? Can it end well?

Perhaps your lot is a hard one. Your life has few comforts and many troubles. Some of them, you think, have come by no fault of yours; but others you know you have brought on yourself. Ay, but your lot would be harder, and your troubles worse, if God had not cared for you. He has not forgotten you, and He has not dealt with you as you have deserved. He has remembered you, cared for you, borne with you, been good to you. Through all the years in which you have forgotten Him, He has never forgotten you—never.

He will do more for you, if you will seek Him now in this New Year, than He has ever done yet. Turn to Him, and ask Him to forgive you for forgetting Him, for sinning against Him. Ask Him to blot out all your sins in the blood of Jesus Christ. Ask Him to give you His Holy Spirit, that you may have a new heart.

He who cares even for sparrows, and who has cared for you all your life along, will hear your prayer and have mercy upon you. Then indeed will you have a Happy New Year. Happy will you be when you learn to care for God, to know Him, love Him, serve Him. Happy will you be, when you find God your Father, Jesus your Saviour, the Holy Spirit

your Comforter. You may be poor still, yet you will be rich. God will comfort you, help you, take care of you. He will not let you want anything that is for your good. No real harm shall come to you. He will be your God indeed then; your helper in all need, your friend in all trouble. He will bless you here, and bless you for ever; and all for Jesus Christ's sake, who loved you, and gave Himself for you.—'Light in the Home.'

A Pslam for New Year's Eve.

A friend stands at the door,
In either tight-closed hand
Hiding rich gifts, three hundred and three-score;
Waiting to strew them o'er the land,
Even as seed the sower.
Each drops he, treads it in, and passes by,
It cannot be made fruitful till it die.

O good New Year, we clasp
This warm shut hand of thine,
Loosing for ever, with half sigh, half gasp,
That which from ours falls like dead fingers' twine;
Aye, whether fierce its grasp
Hus been, or gentle, having been, we know
That it was blessed; let the old year go.

O New Year, teach us faith!
The road of life is hard;
When our feet bleed, and scourging winds us scathe,
Point thou to Him whose visage was more marred
Than any man's; who saith,
'Make straight paths for your feet,' and to the oppress,
'Come ye to Me, and I will give you rest.'
—Dinah Muloch Craik.

Thoughts for the New Year.

(Chas. A. Cook in 'Canadian Baptist.')

On setting apart the tenth of your income, as the rightful portion for the Lord's treasury, very much might be said. Among the Jews to this day this portion of the income is acknowledged to be God's. In their earliest history they were taught that 'the tenth is the Lord's.' Lev. xxvii., 30.

The claim that the grace of God, so fully bestowed upon us in the unspeakable blessings of the gospel, places all believers under greater obligations to lay aside a tenth as the Lord's portion, at least demands our most thoughtful and prayerful consideration. Indeed the question we must decide is not 'shall I give a tenth?' but, 'do I really give unless I have presented my free-will offering over and above the tenth?'

The promises which God has given is people in connection with Christian giving show us that man's ideas about getting rich are all wrong. Man says, 'Withhold and save up and thou shalt become rich.' God says, 'Give and scatter and thou shalt become rich.' Man says, it is blessed to receive plenty and store up that plenty. God says, 'it is more blessed to give than to receive.'

'Here is a promise.' 'Give, and it shall be given unto you: good measure, pressed down, and shaken together and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that you mete withal, it shall be measured to you again.' Luke vi., 38.

'There are promises for farmers.' If farmers want their barns filled with plenty, and where is there a farmer with whom this is not a chief ambition, let them prove God now herewith in the promise given in Prov. iii., 9, 10. 'Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase, so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine.' Such blessings as there shall not be room enough to receive are promised to those who will really prove God in this matter of giving. Mal. iii., 10.

Now, have these promises been proved and are there any facts that can be cited to show that God does prosper both temporally and spiritually those who honor Him with their substance? Hundreds and thousands, we are told in a pamphlet on this subject, are giving a certain proportion of their income to the Lord, some the tenth and many a much larger proportion. God's way has been tested. What is the result? Here is an instance. 'A Christian man commenced business on a small capital, and covenanted with God (wrote his pledge in a book) that if he prospered him, he would give one-tenth till he was worth ten thousand dollars, and then would give one-fourth until worth twenty-five thousand dollars, and after that give his whole income. In a few years he was giving one-fourth and then prospered till he was worth $25,000, and then gave all his income.' A Home Missionary says, 'While living on a salary of $400.00 I sacredly set apart one-tenth of my salary for benevolent purposes, and after thirty years I wish to say that I have been wonderfully prospered in my pecuniary affairs, and have had great satisfaction, and received spiritual profit from this course.' Many such instances might be cited, for the promises of God are yea and amen in Christ Jesus. Not one faileth.

A member of my own church, one of several who have recently adopted proportionate giving, said to me a week or two after beginning to give the tenth, 'It is such a comfort, I have no anxiety now about what I shall give, it is settled, and I find it ever so much easier to give.' This we know, that doing the Lord's work in the Lord's way will always bring the tenfold reward and blessing. In nothing can any believer more readily test this than in giving. Let us prove the Lord herewith. If we have not been giving according to some system, by which a certain proportion of our income has been laid aside as the Lord's, is there any better resolve for us to begin the New Year with than a resolve to give a certain fixed portion as the Lord hath prospered us? Can we, in view of all that God has promised in connection with giving to Him, in view of all He has done for us, seeing that He hath blessed us with every spiritual blessing in heavenly things in Jesus Christ, can we withhold? Can we afford to withhold?

'I gave My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou mightst ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead:
I gave My life for thee,
What hast thou given for Me?'

My Resolutions for the New Year.

(Dr. Floyd Tomkins, in 'S. S. Times.')

1. A determination to work more calmly and cheerfully. If I am doing God's work, and if I believe he is supreme in power and infinite in tender compassion, then it is absurd for me to be nervous or gloomy. I must not spoil God's work by my lack of faith.

2. A determination to be more patient with those who disagree with me in action or judgment. If the world is to have peace, our part in bringing peace is the advance of unity. If sin is to be cast down, all good people must unite in warfare. I am sure that the Lord cares more for sincerity and loyalty than for methods and opinions.

3. A determination to hold more closely to the great foundation truths of the gospel. When men are denying them, I must find my safety and my usefulness in clinging to them with my whole being. The faith is eternal, and I want my faith to be eternal, too, like a strong and immovable mountain.

Religious Notes.

Rev. J. S. Chandler writes to the 'Missionary Herald':

'Three years ago the churches connected with the American Board's Madura and Ceylon Missions formed an ecclesiastical union with the London Missionary Society's Travancore and South India Missions, and thereby brought into one body 133,000 Indian Christians under the name, "The United Churches of South India." This body held its second general assembly in Madura last July, in which the four missions were represented by 60 voting delegates.

This union was confessedly preliminary to a larger union with a similar body of Presbyterian Christians in South India, consisting of the churches of the Arcot Mission of the Reformed Church in America and of the South India Mission of the Church of Scotland and the United Free Church of Scotland. It is called "The United Church of South India."

A joint committee of these two bodies, the United Churches and the United Church, had proposed an organic union on a short and simple creed and a system of church polity that steered clear of unrestricted individualism on the one hand and excessive centralization on the other. The scheme had been unanimously adopted by the United Church some time before, and two of their members, Dr. J. H. Wyckoff and Rev. P. B. Ragavion, appointed delegates to the assembly in Madura. These Presbyterian brethren were not only warmly received (an Indian would say "with coolness of joy") by the assembly, but the proposition of union was ratified unanimously and enthusiastically by a rising vote.

This action brings into one body more than 150,000 Indian Christians in South India, and promises immediate results in the establishment of a united theological college in Bangalore.

In a letter from Jerusalem, dated July 26, 1907, Mr. W. H. Dunn refers to the remarkable development in the Jewish National Zionist movement which took place in Jerusalem during the 15 months he was in England. Great numbers of Jews are returning to Jerusalem, not for repentance or confession of sin, but simply because they must go somewhere, and the Sultan allows them to enter without let or hindrance. In that short time no fewer than 5,000 Russian Jews landed at Jaffa. These Jews are investing what money they have in buying land and buying or building houses. So great is their activity that it is a matter of concern to the foreign residents. Hhe Moslems, however, sell to them without demur. They believe this land really belongs to the Jews.

The development in Jewish education is also striking, and kindergarten schools are being opened for the children. Hebrew is being taught and becoming a living language, and new Hebrew words are being formed so as to make the old tongue useful for up-to-date usefulness. It is common to hear Hebrew spoken in the streets.—'Missionary Review of Reviews.'

One of the most difficult mission fields in the world to-day is Abyssinia, in East Africa. In common with many other parts of Africa, it has been influenced by contact with Mohammedanism. With this faith it combines much of the demon-worship which is prevalent among the Sudanese and natives of Congo. And last of all, as if it to seal it against missionary enterprise, the nation lays claim to a form of Christianity that has come down from the fourth century, and which, however degraded since its foundation, has still sufficient evidence to create a stumbling-block against any new propaganda that may be introduced from Europe or America. Emperor Menelik is personally favorable to the missionaries, but the 'abun,' or Abyssinian pope, prevents any outward sign of favor and engenders among the people a violent prejudice against the Christian teachers.—'Missionary Review of Reviews.'

Acknowledgments.

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LESSON,—SUNDAY, JANUARY 5, 1908.

The Word Made Flesh.

John i., 1-14. Memory verse, 3. Read John i., 1-18.

Golden Text.

The word was made flesh and dwelt among us. John i., 14.

Home Readings.

Monday, December 30.—John i., 1-18.
Tuesday, December 31.—I. John i., 1-10.
Wednesday, January 1.—Eph. iii., 1-21.
Thursday, January 2.—Heb. i., 1-14.
Friday, January 3.—Luke i., 26-33, 46-55.
Saturday, January 4.—Luke ii., 1-20.
Sunday, January 5.—Luke ii., 21-38.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Who knows the golden text for to-day? Well, you say it, Fred. Can any one now tell me what those words mean? Perhaps that is a little hard, but you all use so many words that we will think first about what a 'word' is. When you are thinking about something that is all shut away in your mind, I can't tell what it is, but if I say 'what are you thinking of?' and you tell me, you have to use words. Words then, are really the only means by which we can communicate with each other, that is understand one another. Now you know we cannot see God any more than I can see your thoughts, and although God wanted us to love and serve Him, and tried to make us understand, yet we could not until Christ came to earth to tell us all about God. So that in our golden text, 'the Word' just means Jesus, because it is through Jesus that we learn to know and love God just as we understand your thoughts through your words. You will all remember the beautiful story of our Christmas lesson about how Jesus was born a little baby in Bethlehem, and the rest of our golden text refers to that—that Jesus became a human being just like one of us and lived here on earth. Had Jesus ever lived before he was born in Bethlehem?

Get one of the children to read the first verse of the lesson, and from that speak of Christ's divinity as well as His humanity. Just as a missionary will go to-day far away to some strange country where all the people are savages, and there bear the difficulties of the land and the climate and learn to speak as the poor people themselves do, so in some way they may understand why it was necessary for Christ to come and suffer on earth in order to bring us to God.

FOR THE SENIORS.

In taking up the studies for the new year, it is always well to consider for a time the whole course mapped out. In this case the first six months are to be given to a study of John's Gospel and a consideration of the book, its purpose, its origin, and its author should occupy a part of the time given to the first lesson. The country is, of course, the same that we have been studying of late, yet it may be well to give a glance at its dimensions and situation, for small though it is, Our Lord never went beyond these regions, with the exception of the early stay in Egypt. The study of St. John alone would profitably occupy several times the short half hour given to the whole lesson, so that so long as there is a fairly good understanding of his principle characteristics that will be all there is time for. He was an old man at the time of the writing of this gospel, as it is generally believed to have been written at Ephesus some time between 80 and 95 A.D. The three other gospels were known and in use, and it is a fair presumption that John had in mind a rounding out of these in the writing of a fourth. Its peculiar style has set it in a place by itself, and there is scarcely any more beautiful piece of writing than the prologue which forms our lesson to-day. The book was written in Greek, and its purpose, nowhere lost sight of throughout, is given in John xx., 31. In the preceding verse and the last of the Gospel, John intimates that this is to be by no means considered a complete account even of Christ's life during the years of His ministry. The opening verses are a fascinating study, and the teacher who has looked earnestly into their wonderful depths will realize that the lesson time affords scant opportunity for their consideration. Christ's divinity (verse 1), His humanity (verse 14), His part in the creation (verse 3), His blessing even of unconscious humanity (verse 5), His control of all life (verse 4), His recognition of man's free will (verse 11), the one condition of our salvation (verse 12), and its wholly divine origin (verse 13), are subjects that might all be considered in connection with this one lesson study. How impossible it will be to compass them all is evident.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

The union of the soul and body in man is inexplicable to us, just as the union of the human and divine natures is in Christ. Both are mysteries, and if one is rejected on the ground of its mystery, we are bound to reject the other on the same ground.—Thomas C. Easton, The Incarnation.

To say that Christ showed to the world the 'Very Self' of God is to say something that most people will understand. We may have heard of a man for years before we see him. Accurate observers may have described him; his biography may be known to us in every detail; and yet when we meet him face to face we know more of him in the first five minutes than we have gathered from all other sources put together. Individuality is its own interpreter. The crowning spiritual contribution of Jesus Christ to human kind was the declaration, 'I and my Father are one.'

Yet this one Life was also the revelation of human nature to itself. Man knows what he was meant to be since the world has seen Jesus Christ. To be true to our highest selves is to be like him.—R. J. Campbell.

I say, the acknowledgment of God in Christ
Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
All questions in the earth and out of it.
—Browning.

Give human nature reverence for the sake
Of One who bore it, making it divine
With the ineffable tenderness of God.
—Whittier.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

Spiritual life means more than mere existence, and Eternal Life means more than eternal existence. It is the kind of life for which the soul was created. It is the condition where every part of the soul fulfils the functions for which it was made in the image of God. It is the life that has in it all of good, of blessedness, of richness, which makes any life worth the living; and at the same time this glory of living does not fade away and change into the bitter fruit, the apples of Sodom, as do so many of the pleasures and golden dreams of the worldly life, but the glory brightens, the blessedness increases forever and ever. It is the life which makes heaven to be heaven. It is the life which will make earth heaven. The descriptions of the New Jerusalem are full of it. It is the life of Angels. It is the life of God. It is the life of Love.

Jesus in his teachings, and in his works, shows us just what God is doing for men; he lives the divine life amid human things. He walks before us in the grace and glory of the heavenly Father. So that Mr. Lecky says that he 'has not only been the highest pattern of virtue, but the highest incentive to its practice . . . The simple record of three short years of active life has done more to regenerate and to soften mankind than all the disquisitions of philosophers, and than all the exhortations of moralists. This has, indeed, been the wellspring of whatever has been best and purest in the Christian life.'—'Hist. European Morals.' Thus Jesus could say, 'He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father.'

'The Owlet Atheism
Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,
Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them close,
And hooting at the glorious Sun in heaven,
Cries out, "Where is it?"'—Coleridge.

BIBLE REFERENCES.

Psa. xxxiii., 6; I. Cor. viii., 6; Col. i., 16, 17; I. John i., 1-3; Psa. xxxvi., 9; John viii., 58; John xiv., 8, 9; Heb. i., 1; John viii., 12; xvii., 5; I. John iv., 2, 3; v., 11, 12; I. John iii., 1-3.

ABOUT THE 'WITNESS.'

What Other Newspapers have said Within the last few days about it.

'PROGRES DE L'EST,' (SHERBROOKE).

(Translation.)

The 'Witness,' is one of the most progressive and most widely circulated English journals of Montreal.

THE 'GAZETTE,' DUNNVILLE, ONT.

The 'Witness' (daily and weekly) is the cleanest and most reputable newspaper on the continent, a paper whose elevating influence on the moral tone of the community is universally recognized.

What the Subscribers Say of it.

Mille Isles, Que.

I am, and always will be, a great admirer of the 'Daily Witness,' which I took while residing in the city for 36 years, and have taken for six years as an annual subscriber since leaving Montreal.

C. R. WIESENBORN, J.P.

Cupar, Sask., Nov. 8, 1907.

Messrs John Dougall & Son, Montreal Que.:

Dear Sirs,—I herewith enclose one dollar for 'Weekly Witness' subscription. The 'Witness' has become my national newspaper, and the weekly perusal of your excellent editorial page gives me confidence in discussing current events.

JAMES McROBBIE.

179 Johnston street, Kingston, Ont.

In order to keep easily abreast of the times I find the 'Witness' indispensable. I am always glad to commend it to others.

D. LAING.

Whitecross, Shanklin, Isle of Wight,

The 'Weekly Witness' is read and enjoyed by many English friends, and ever increasingly appreciated by yours sincerely,

G. M. BELL SMITH.

River John, N.S.

You are to be congratulated upon the excellent paper you publish. Clean in morals and independent in politics. May you continue to prosper.

A. E. INGRAM.

Halifax, N.S.

With renewal:—

Dear Sir,—For many years the 'Witness' has given us satisfaction and pleasure as week by week it comes into our home. I like it more and more, for it improves as it grows older. May its good work continue.

Yours truly,

R. T. BRAINE.

Guelph, Ont.

Dear 'Witness,'—In our household your paper is very highly appreciated by old and young. Long may the 'Witness' advocate the principles of justice, good-will, and temperance. Yours very truly,

J. B. HOOD.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Good Resolutions.

I will be neat.
I will do honest work.
I will be master of myself.
I will keep my mind clear.
I will learn to love good books.
I will be punctual in all things.
I will never spend more than I earn.
I will not acquire another bad habit.
I will not let my temper control me.
I will know well some honest business.
I will be agreeable and companionable.
I will not become habitually suspicious.
I will be cheerful and enjoy harmless fun.
I will read my Bible and pray every day.
I will do 'right though the heavens fall.'
I will not write a letter when I am angry.
I will not overrate nor undervalue myself.
I will not be a whining, fault-finding pessimist.
I will neither work nor play half-heartedly.
I will be courteous to old people and to women.
I will deserve confidence whether I get it or not.
I will not meddle with what does not concern me.
I will be an avowed servant of the Lord Jesus Christ.
I will keep my eyes, ears and heart open to good.
I will never let another person lead me to act like a fool.
I will not break an engagement nor a promise if I can keep it.
I will not engage in any questionable amusement or employment.
I will exert myself in all honorable ways to make and keep friends.
I will, when I undertake a thing, be sure I'm right and then stick to it.
I will not waste the next ten years, the most important of my whole life.
I will keep myself physically clean, mentally alert, morally pure and spiritually alive.
—The 'Cumberland Presbyterian.'

When Suzette Kept House.

(By Carroll Watson Rankin, in the 'Wellspring.')

'Anybody'd think,' said Suzette, examining a dusty forefinger, 'that, with two women in the house, this bookcase would get dusted at least once a week. There'll not be any dust in my house when I have one.'

'You'd better buy a glass case right now, and stay in it,' retorted Alice, Suzette's eleven-year-old sister, who was cutting out paper dolls on the hearth rug and making a multitude of scraps. 'Why don't you dust a little yourself, if you're so particular?'

'It isn't my house,' returned Suzette, loftily, 'but when I do have a house it shall be dusted from top to bottom, whether I keep a servant or not. I can't see how mother and Jane manage to keep so busy.'

Suzette was the eldest of four, but the heaviest household responsibility that had ever rested on her sixteen-year-old shoulders was the daily making of her own bed. Every Wednesday morning, Jane, who had lived with the family for seven years, patiently hung up the garments that Suzette left about on the chairs all the other days of the week. It never occurred to Suzette that there was anything she could do to lighten either her mother's or Jane's burdens. Indeed, all the little Brandons were careless, and Suzette, being the eldest, was, perhaps, the worst of the lot.

Mr. Brandon's business—he was a railroad man—often took him out of town for several days at a time; but he seldom knew beforehand when or where he was going. Once or twice a year he was able to persuade Mrs. Brandon to forsake her numerous duties and go with him. On these rare occasions, faithful Jane looked after the family, and she did it so well that Mrs. Brandon had unlimited confidence in her.

One Friday morning, at half-past nine, Mr. Brandon rang up his house and invited his wife, by telephone, to go for a short journey with him. An hour later, Mrs. Brandon, smiling happily at having accomplished so much in so short a time, was on the train. She would not have felt so serene, however, had she known the errand of a perspiring boy, who was at that moment pounding lustily upon the back door of her house.

Jane responded promptly to the knock.

'Does Jane McCarthy live here,' asked the boy, breathlessly.

'I'm her,' said Jane, wiping her hands on her apron and waiting expectantly. 'What's wanted?'

'Your mother's terrible sick—dyin', I guess—and wants you right off,' said the boy, darting away the moment he had delivered the message.

'Wait!' cried Jane, but the boy was already beyond the reach of her voice. Jane looked at the clock; it was half-past ten.

'If I hurry,' said Jane, with the best of intentions, 'I'll be back in time to get lunch for the children. Oh, it's all of a fluster I am!

At noon, Suzette, with the life of Daniel Webster under one arm and her algebra under the other, strolled leisurely into the house and sat down to work at her lessons.

'Say,' said Alice, who had reached home first, 'there's a note for you on the mantelpiece. It's from mother. I guess she's gone some place.'

'Yes,' said Suzette, reading the note, 'she's gone with father, and she doesn't know where she's going nor when she'll return, but she'll find out from father and telephone to Jane from the station. She says you're to be good while she's gone.'

'What about you?' asked Alice.

'Oh, I'm always good,' said Suzette, who was conscious of no shortcomings.

Fifteen minutes later, Suzette's fifteen-year-old brother Philip appeared at the library door. 'Say,' he asked, 'what's the matter with luncheon? I can't find Jane any place, and the table isn't set. I must get back to school.'

'Can't find Jane!' exclaimed Suzette. 'Why, she must be in the kitchen. She's always there.'

'Well, she isn't there now,' said Philip, 'and the fire's out, too. You'd better hurry round and find something for us to eat.'

'Yes,' said Alice, looking saucily up from her paper dolls, 'here's your long-looked-for chance to keep house. Most likely Jane has lost another grandparent and has gone off to bury him or her. It took three days last time. My! I expect we'll have high living for once in our lives.'

'Jane wouldn't stay away three days with mother gone,' said Suzette. 'Come on, you'll have to help. I can't do everything alone, and Bessie's too little to do anything.'

'Oh, no, I'll not,' said Alice, her eyes dancing with mischief; 'I'll be your oldest daughter and hunt round for dust.'

There was milk in the ice-box, bread in the bread-box, and cake in the cupboard, so the young Brandons were in no immediate danger of starvation. They ate what they could find and rushed off to school, leaving the dishes for Jane to wash when she should return.

But Jane did not return. In her stead, the perspiring boy, who appeared to positively enjoy disseminating bad news, again presented himself at the Brandons' back door, this time with a note for Suzette.

> Deer Miss Suzzet (it read): My mother is awful bad with ammony on her lungs, and brown kites two. Ime awful sorry but she being the only mother Ive got the doctor sez shell dy if I dont take care of her nite and day. Your mother has wentt to Minny Aples and will bee back Mundy. Rice oatmeal potatoes and eggs is easy to boyle respeckfully, Jane McCarty.

With mingled feelings, Suzette read the note. While it was not pleasant to find herself the cook as well as the housekeeper, she had always longed for the responsibilities of a house and family. She was sure she should have no trouble, for she had often planned just how she should go about it. Ever since she had taken a course of six lessons in domestic science, she had felt that her mother's methods were antiquated, and she welcomed an opportunity to carry her housekeeping theories into practice. Her mother, she knew, would be delighted to find upon her return that the house was, for once, in perfect order.

The note came at four o'clock. Suzette laid Daniel Webster aside and immediately began to dust. She altered the arrangement of the parlor furniture, rehung two of the pictures and changed the books about in the bookcase. Then she took possession of the kitchen.

'I guess I'll not get a regular dinner,' said Suzette, when the fire was burning nicely. 'What was it Jane said was easy to cook? Oh, yes, rice. I think I'll cook all there is in the bag; perhaps there'll be enough left for breakfast.'

'There,' said the cook, pouring the rice, without any preliminary washing, into a small saucepan containing water; 'I'll get Alice to set the table.'

Alice, however, was not to be found, so Suzette herself attended to the table. When she returned to the kitchen, the swelling rice had reached the top of the saucepan, and was demanding more room. The model housekeeper found a larger kettle and dumped the rice into it, adding more water.

'I'll straighten up the sitting room next,' said Suzette, hanging up her own jacket and hat, which she had carelessly dropped on a convenient chair. 'My, how untidy those children are! Doesn't anybody in this house ever return a book to the bookcase? Here are Alice's rubbers right here in the middle of the floor—hum, I guess they're my own, after all; but here are hers, under the sofa.'

'Is dinner ready?' asked Philip, bouncing in at six o'clock. 'I'm hungry.'

'We're going to have just a lunch, tonight,' said Suzette, going to the kitchen. 'Just rice with sugar and cream on it. Goodness, Philip, come out here and help me lift this kettle. Where shall I put all this rice? Who'd ever suppose rice would swell up like this?'

'Here,' said Philip, taking the bread pan from its hook, 'put your stuff in this. Do you intend to keep us on rice for the rest of our natural lives?'

'I didn't intend to, but I'm afraid I put in too much. How was I to know the horrid stuff would behave so? I never cooked any before.'

'It doesn't look,' said Philip, with an unsympathetic grin, 'as if you'd ever need to cook any again; but bring on your rice, if you think you can spare any. I'm hungry.'

'Is this all there is to eat?' asked Alice, who had turned up just at dinner time. 'It's a wonder you wouldn't put a little salt in the things you cook.'

'Salt!' exclaimed Suzette. 'Do they put salt in rice?'

When Suzette awoke the next morning she did not at once remember that the cares of a family were resting upon her shoulders; but when she heard her brother stirring in the next room, she sat up hastily and reached for her clothes.

'I guess I'll not have a regular breakfast this morning,' decided she. 'I'll just warm up some of that rice.'

Indeed, Suzette continued to 'guess' that she wouldn't have a regular luncheon or a regular dinner, or a regular breakfast for the next two days. Between the lavishness of her supply of rice and the children's natural antipathy to that useful cereal, the result of her first cooking seemed destined to last all summer. She made rice croquettes, rice puddings, rice soup, and rice pancakes; but disguise it as she might, the children never failed to recognize the detested vegetable, and at last they rebelled openly.

'I'm no Chinaman,' said Philip, pushing back his plate on Monday, 'and no matter how you fix it I'll not eat another grain of that horrible rice. Give me the rest of it and I'll feed it to Billy Northrop's bear. Billy says he'll eat anything.'

Mrs. Brandon did not return on Monday. Instead, she sent a telegram stating that she should not be home until the following Saturday. The children had paid a visit to Jane, imploring her to return; but she had turned a deaf ear to all their entreaties. She was up with her only mother's 'ammony' day and night, she said, and was 'awful sorry,' but it couldn't be helped. Alice, true to her character of eldest daughter, was never around when there was any work to be done;

but she hunted diligently for places for Suzette to dust.

Poor Suzette began to find that there were drawbacks to housekeeping. The sweeping had not been done on Friday, the baking on Saturday, the washing on Monday, the ironing on Tuesday, nor the upstairs work on Wednesday; for, although Suzette stayed out of school, she found the preparing of three simple meals a day all she could attend to—and more. Soot blew down the parlor chimney, and Suzette only made matters worse when she attempted to clean it up. There were books, papers, and dolls' clothes scattered all over the house. The upstairs rooms were littered with garments that were too clean to go into the wash and too rumpled to go into the drawers, for small Bessie, who loved to dress up, had, during her mother's absence, indulged the propensity to the utmost. All over Philip's room there were stockings hanging to dry and the boy was clamoring for more. It had rained most of the week, and Philip, whose lungs were supposed to be delicate, knew better than to allow his feet to remain wet, although, apparently, no amount of knowledge sufficed to keep him out of puddles.

In spite of all that Suzette could do, by the end of the week the house was, as Alice expressed it, 'a sight.' Never had it looked so disorderly. The model housekeeper wandered disconsolately from room to room, unable to decide where to begin the labor of setting things to rights.

'And I meant,' said Suzette, 'to show mother how to keep house! As for dust, there are so many other things piled up on the furniture that I can't see whether there's any dust there or not.'

'Aren't you going to get this place cleaned up before father and mother come home?' asked Alice, strolling leisurely downstairs, with an exact imitation of Suzette's own voice and manner. 'They'll be here in two hours and this place is disgraceful.'

'Cleaned up!' said Suzette, gathering up an armful of papers and despairingly dropping them again. 'If I succeed in getting two chairs cleared off for them to sit down on, I'll be doing well. This family will have to reform; that's all there is about it. How mother and Jane ever did all the work and kept things picked up, besides, I don't see. It would take six of me to do it. If I ever learn to keep house half as well as mother does.

'Here I am,' said Jane, appearing at the sitting-room door. 'Mother's better and I'm back; and I'm none too soon by the looks of my kitchen.'

'O Jane,' cried Suzette, throwing her arms around Jane's neck, 'you and mother are the smartest folks in the world! Do tell me where to begin, and I'll help you get this place straightened up before mother comes.'

'I'll help,' said Alice, suddenly dropping her elder sisterly air, 'I've just been aching all the week to show you how beautifully I could keep house.'

Where Things Go To.

Where do all the pins go to?

I'm sure no one can tell. A pin will not wear out by ten years of use. But, dear me! who ever saw a ten-year-old pin?

I once went to see a pin factory in Connecticut. There at the front door stood several big hogsheads packed full of refuse pins; and all the ground was covered with them, just like the ground under pine-trees, when their needle-leaves fall down and make a sweet-smelling carpet. I saw millions and millions of pins ready to be melted over and made into brass wire and then cut up into pins again. Where do all the pins go to?

These pins which I saw were not old pins brought in like rags to a paper-mill, or old iron to a blacksmith. They were new pins spoiled in the making, like half the little children, who die before they are grown up. But every year that we live we all have at least twenty pins apiece. And if there are thirty millions of people in our land, that makes six hundred million pins a year! What becomes of them? If each pin is an inch long, that would make a brass wire nearly one thousand five hundred miles long. And every pin has a head and a point to it. Lots of pins, surely!

But what becomes of anything? Here now it is winter and very cold. I look out of my window and see smoke and vapor coming out of a hundred chimneys. The smoke goes up a little way and then it is gone. Where is it gone to? What becomes of it? And there, close by my window, is a hickory-tree, a very nice tree, which all summer long was full of leaves. The cat thinks a world of that tree, for it has saved her many a time when a great dog has chased her. The leaves were so plenty that they hid her snugly, though she was a famous cat for size. But now all the leaves are gone, save a hundred rattling, curled-up wads, that look more like shavings than leaves.

'What has become of all the rest?'

'Hoo! I know! They've blowed off,' says a boy who sees, but doesn't think much. 'That's so, Johnny, but where have they "blowed" to? Where are they gone?'

'Why, they've blowed away somewhere.'

'Yes, but where?'

'Why, they get burnt up in the woods; I saw a fire there.' 'Well, what is "burnt up?" Where does a leaf go to when it "burns up?"'

'It goes off in smoke.' 'Well, where does it go to? Does it ever come back?'

Then, too, out by my woodhouse is a pile of cordwood, ten cords of it. The pile is six feet six inches high. Can any of you cipher how long the pile is? I have bought it, and by and by it will all be gone.

'Gone! Where to?' 'Gone to ashes, of course,' says the boy with eyes. 'Ten cords of ashes?' 'O, no.' 'Well, where will the rest of the wood go to?' Our good Mary who used to be a slave, and knows how to make the best pumpkin-pies and biscuit I ever ate, will put the whole ten cords, stick after stick, into the stove, and off it will go, up chimney. Where to?

And I wonder where all the old shoes go to. Every year I buy a pair of stout boots with soles nearly three-quarters of an inch thick, and I go walking round till I grind off the soles and heels, then I have new heels and soles put on, and grind them off. Then the upper leather begins to crack at the little toe joint, and I have a patch put on. But by-and-by I throw the boots away. Where to? 'Out behind the barn?' says the eye-boy Johnny, who never thinks. 'Yes, there's all sorts of a pile out there; but what becomes of it? Where does it go to?'

And all the old clothes go to rags. The linen and cotton rags go to paper-mills. The woollen rags are made into a rag carpet, and the paper is used for writing or printing, or for bundle paper or wall-paper.

But though a thousand paper-mills are chewing up rags and spitting out paper by the mile, yet the world doesn't get full of paper! What comes of it all? The rag carpets last five or six years, and then wear out. Wear out? What is 'out.'

While I write, a lady comes into my room with a dust-pan full of lint from the room where I sleep. 'Where did that all come from?' I ask. 'I've been sweeping your room,' says she. 'All that?' say I. 'Yes, may I put it in your stove?' 'Yes,' say I, 'and phew! how it smells! you've swept up half the carpet!'

That carpet is wearing out every time it is swept; and so I know where our carpet is going to. It' going to be burned up in my stove. The smoke will go up and out of the chimney, and then goes off, who knows where?

O, dear, dear! Where do things go to? Pins, smoke, vapor, leaves, wood-piles, books, old rags, carpets, and all? I wish I could find something that wasn't going at all. 'I have got a watch that won't go,' says the boy with eyes, who never thinks. 'Bring it to me, then.' So off he went to bring in a dumb watch he used to have. He hunted a while among his old traps, and came back saying: 'I had one once, but can't find it now; it's gone somewhere.' 'Gone! where to?' 'Why, I mean it's lost,' said he. 'Lost? what is "lost?"' 'Your watch has gone to find my old boots. They are lost, too.'

A great many years ago a very good man whose name was Paul fell a-thinking just as we have been doing. And when he got through he wrote these words:

'For the fashion of this world passeth away.' He was right. Everything is going. Nothing stops or stays. Where do they all go to? For you and I are moving on, and going every day.

I do know where my hickory leaves went to, and my pile of wood. But when I think of the boys and girls I know, I wonder where they are all going to. What will become of them? The little boy with eyes is looking at me, and has begun to think.—Thos. K. Beecher, in 'In Time With the Stars.'

A Brave Girl.

On the banks of the Mississippi lived a little maiden of thirteen, the oldest of four children, whom her parents called 'little mother,' because she was always so quietly thoughtful and helpful. One day her parents went away, leaving the children in her care. 'Be mother's little woman,' the mother said as she kissed her. 'We leave the children in your care,' the father said.

Two days afterward the Mississippi broke through the levee and flooded the little town. What should she do? 'Oh, if I only had a boat,' she cried. Running out to look for their colored mammy, she stumbled over a large, oblong, old-fashioned tub. Here was her boat. The water was several inches deep. She half floated, half dragged the tub into the room. She lined it with a blanket and prepared some bread and meat. She dragged it to a large window and set it where, when the water rose, it would float out. She flung open the window and made Rob get into the boat, and put Kate in, and laid baby Rose in the brother's arms, and taking the basket of food went to get in too, but there was no room for her with safety to the rest. She paused a moment, then drew a long breath, kissed the children quietly, gave them the basket of food and bade them guard it, and said, 'Good-bye, dears. Say a prayer for sister, Rob. When you see father and mother, tell them I took care of you.'

The next day the father found the tub in a sycamore tree. The children were frightened, chilled and in tears, but safe. Afterwards, floating on the water, with her brave, childish face turned up to the sky, they found the 'little mother,' who sacrified herself to save others.—'Christian Standard.'

The Curse of Discontent.

There lived on the banks of the Indus River an ancient Persian by the name of El Hafed. From his beautiful and comfortable cottage on the hillside, he could look down upon the gleaming river and over the glorious sea. He was a man of wealth. His fields and orchards yielded plentifully, and he had money at interest. A beautiful wife and lovely children shared with him the joy of a happy home.

One day there came to the cottage a Persian priest. That priest sat down with El Hafed, and told him how diamonds were made. 'If you had a diamond,' said the old priest, 'as big as your thumb, you could purchase many farms like this; and, if you had a bushel, you could own the whole country.'

That moment El Hafed became poor. All his possessions seemed to lose their value, as the feeling of discontent filled his soul. He said: 'I must have a mine of diamonds. What is the use of spending one's life in this way, in this narrow sphere? I want a mine, and shall have it!'

That night he could not sleep. Early next morning he went to the priest, and asked where he could find those diamonds. 'If you want diamonds, said the priest, 'go and get them.' 'Won't you please tell me where I could get them?' said El Hafed. 'Well, if you go and find high mountains, with a deep river running between them, over white sand, in this white sand you will find diamonds.'

The enthusiastic, restless, and dissatisfied farmer sold his farm, took the money, and went off in search of diamonds. He began through Egypt and Palestine. Years passed while he was pursuing his useless search. At last he went over through Europe; and one day, broken-hearted, in rags, a hungry pauper, stung with humiliation and crushed by his bitter disappointments, he stood on the shore of the Bay of Barcelona. He looked at the big waves as they came rolling in, and listened to the whisper that invited him to peace, and, in the moment of despair, threw himself in and sank, never to rise again.

The man who purchased El Hafed's farm led

his camel out one day to the stream at the edge of the garden to drink. While the camel buried his nose in the water, the man noticed a white flash of glittering, glistening, sparkling something at his feet. Out of curiosity he reached down and picked up a black stone with a strange eye of light in it, which seemed to reflect all the colors of the rainbow. He took the curiosity to the house and laid it on the mantel, and soon forgot all about it.

One day the same old priest came to visit El Hafed's successor. He noticed the flash of light from the mantel, and sprang toward it in amazement, and exclaimed: 'Here is a diamond! Has El Hafed returned?' 'Oh, no, that is not a diamond. It is a stone we found out in the garden.' 'But I tell you that it is a diamond.' And the two men went out in the garden and stirred up the white sand, and there came up in their hands beautiful diamonds more valuable than the first.

This is all historically true. It was the discovery of the wonderful mines of Golconda, and the founding of the line of Great Moguls. Had El Hafed remained at home and dug in his own garden, he would have been the wealthiest man of his time and the most honored.--Exchange.

Independently Poor.

She always had a good time, the other girls said of Jessie—said it half enviously, some of them. Her home was an old-fashioned, rather shabby house, where the furnishing and the style of life were of the plainest, but she welcomed her friends there cordially, and shared with them what she had without pretense or apology. She wore her plain clothes in the same way—prettily and daintly made, but inexpensive always—and made the most of whatever pleasures came in her way without regard to appearing in costly array.

'You seem to get as much satisfaction out of everything as if you were independently rich,' said a discontented acquaintance one day. 'I don't see how you can.'

'Well, if I am not independently rich I am independently poor, and I suppose that's the next best thing,' laughed Jessie.

After all, it is the independence that counts rather than either the wealth or the poverty. The simplicity of standing for just what one is, without shamming or pretense, lifts a burden of fret and anxiety, and leaves the spirit free.—'Wellspring.'

The Rules of Three.

Three things to wish for—health, friends, and a cheerful spirit.
Three things to delight in—frankness, freedom and beauty.
Three things to admire—power, gracefulness, and dignity.
Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity, and flippant jesting.
Three things to govern—temper, tongue, and conduct.
Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance, and affectation.
Three things to think about—life, death, and eternity.
Three things to love—purity, truthfulness, and honor.
Three things to be—brave, gentle, and kind.
—The 'Pilgrim.'

A Useful Dialogue.

'I don't know why I'm telling you,' said Ruth Martin, falteringly, as she met the keen, friendly glance of the older woman. 'You can't say a thing that mother hasn't told me, but, somehow, when Lew acts offended, it—it doesn't seem to matter half so much about his having a deep, reverent respect for me all his life as about his liking me right at that minute. I tell you, I want to be popular, like Lucile. The boys think she's perfectly fine, and yet I know she lets them all—well, she calls it "spoon." She told me so herself. Of course I couldn't be like that,—you needn't lift your eyebrows,—but, well, with Lew, I don't know. He says I'm too strict, that he ought to be an exception, and—'

'Have you any idea of marrying Lewis?' Aunt Isabel inquired, in an offhand way.

Ruth's face flamed. 'Marrying! Of course not! Why, we're too young to think of such things!'

'I see. Well, I suppose one of the things your mother has told you is that some day, when you come to marry the man you love, you'll be glad if—'

'Oh, yes! All that about the mistake of making sacred things common, and I agree to it, with my mind, but, aunty, it's now that matters to me. It isn't some future man I'm thinking about. I want Lew to like me best. I—I don't want him to get to going with Lucile.'

The girlish voice trembled with the intensity of fifteen years, and Aunt Isabel understood.

After a minute or two of silence, she spoke abruptly. 'Now I know why I put that in my journal last summer,' she said, crossing to her desk, and beginning to turn the pages of a little book. 'I was staying at that summer hotel, and the partitions were just like paper, and one night I couldn't help hearing the dialogue in the next room. I was writing at the time, and something prompted me to set it down, word for word. Listen. I've headed it:

Two Boys Talking.

'Yes, she hid my hat when I started to go. Made me tired.'

'Doesn't it, though? Did she follow you out on the steps to look at the moon?'

'Sure.'

'Bet you kissed her.'

'Bet I did.'

'D'you ask her if it was the first time, Bobby?' (chuckling softly.)

'That's what I did.'

'What'd she tell you?'

'Oh (in a mocking voice-, "Once, long ago, when I was just a little girl."'

(Duet of laughter.)

'Oh, they're all alike, Bobby! I've had 'em tell me that, and think I believed it, too.' Not much! If a girl lets you spoon, she'll let the other fellow. Don't fool yourself!'

'But, Aunt Isabel,' Ruth protested, with a disgusted expression, 'that must have been low, horrid fellows—not our kind.'

'On the contrary,' was the answer, 'I found out next day that they were both boys of good family. Yes, I'm sorry to say it, Ruth, but they were "our kind."'—'Youth's Companion.'

Bank Notes.

A lady employed in an establishment where bank notes are much handled, said that when she first entered on her duties she was miserably anxious lest she should permit any false bank notes to pass undetected. At length a senior officer comforted her by saying:

'Do not worry; be careful, and you will become quite familiar with the "feel" of good notes. After that, when you touch bad paper, you will feel a shiver as though you had received a cold shower bath.'

It is much the same in our moral life; the soul can detect the false, the unclean and the dangerous. If we are prudent, we shall avoid such things.—'Friendly Greetings.'

Religion in Trifles.

'An eight-foot length of gas-tubing, Madam? That will be ten cents extra, please,' said the clerk, hanging up the shorter piece the young woman had just returned and taking down another. While he was wrapping up the new package she turned to her companion and said, 'How much did I return? It was five feet, wasn't it? or was it six feet? If it was, I owe fifteen cents instead of ten,' taking out her purse again.

'Why do you bother?' was the reply. 'That is his lookout, not yours.'

'O, but it is mine,' was the rejoinder. 'I'm going to see how long it is. I'm not positive, but my impression is that it is five feet.' She hunted till she found the tubing, which proved to be just five feet. She paid the extra nickel and was off, leaving the clerk looking after her in puzzled wonder.

'Now what made her do that?' he said to a cash girl who had witnessed the incident. 'She needn't have done it; nobody would have known.'

'God would have known,' the girl replied softly, her cheeks flushing faintly in the effort required to speak the words.

'God would have known!' All day the sentence repeated itself to the lad as he thought of different instances of petty trickery on his part in the past. At night it had not left him. In the morning it still haunted him. It marked the turning point in his life.

The young girl had no idea of the far-reaching consequences of her words. She could not have foreseen their potency. But that act for the right not only changed the whole course of the boy's life, but affected to a greater or less extent for the better the lives of all with whom he came in contact.

'You can never tell when you do an act
Just what the result will be;
But with every act you are sowing a seed,
Though its harvest you cannot see.
Each kindly act is an acorn dropped
In God's productive soil;
Though you cannot know, yet the tree will grow
And shelter the brows that toil.'
—'Young People.'

George Macdonald's Letter.

George Macdonald once wrote a helpful 'letter to a lady, a stranger to him, who had written to him out of her doubts, asking for light. It has only been published just lately, and some extracts from it may be of aid to young readers who are passing through phases of doubt.

'I cannot say,' he wrote, 'that I am sure of God as one is of anything shown to the senses or comprehended by the intellect. Any being of whom we could be sure in that way would just not be God. . . . Here is the whole thing. A man has appeared who tells us: "I know God. Obey me, and you shall know Him too. He is just like me. I do the things before your eyes that He is always doing. Come with me; I will take you to Him."

'I emphasize with all the emphasis in my power the word "obey." Now you can set about doing what that man tells you—keeping company with them, following him about, as it were; and if you do not find in that, reason and help to go on, you'll have to look and see what there is in you that darkens your windows, for except they be blinded with wrong-doing, in that way, I think, the light will come—only you must pray and not faint. It is the one thing for which we are here; the one end of existence is to find God. . . . There He is in Christ—I say it who have studied Jesus in the Bible for thirty years and more. But you know the men who would not obey Jesus never saw the Father in Him, though what more could God do to reveal Himself to them than to come among them in simple, plain, human reality, Himself, as visible as He could be? That men should in any other way be convinced that there is a God, I do not think God desires for them, for every other way is an inferior, utterly imperfect way, and not sufficient to meet the needs of the human heart and save it. For every other way must be supplemented by the knowledge of Christ, and that knowledge includes every other way.'

George Macdonald had himself been through agonies of doubt. He had reached faith himself by the path he pointed out. His letter led the one who received it out of her doubts into faith. It is the old, simple, gospel method—the 'Follow Me' of that Master Who was and is, yesterday and to-day and for ever, the Way and the Truth. Doubt is a stage through which many earnest young hearts must pass. But Thomas followed Christ through it, only to cry, 'My Lord and my God!' at the end.

The Way to Look.

'It is the same old story—he stepped off the car backward—looking toward the rear instead of the front, and fell, getting badly injured,' said the one with the morning paper.

'That was the trouble with John,' said a reminiscent voice. He would look in the wrong direction, and make a failure of what

he was doing at the time. If he was about to take up a new bit of work, he did not fix his mind and eyes on that, or on the success he was going to make of it. Instead, he would rake up in memory all the other things he had tried and failed to accomplish, and get so blue and discouraged that he would not have heart enough to carry him through the work in hand. It was pretty much like the man you were reading about just there. He didn't stop to think which way the train was going, and which way the force of the motion would send him. He just turned round to face toward the path that had been gone over, and stepped off—and he got hurt. John gets hurt, too, every time he does that same thing. He can't see where he is going with the day's work for looking back over what he has tried before. If he would only pin down his efforts to getting the present task done well, then there might be some hope for him—for there would be something good to look back to and help him along to other successes. But looking ahead is the safest way, after all, I think,' and the rest agreed with him.—'S. S. Messenger.'

Aphorisms of Bishop Horne.

Some are serving—some commanding;
Some are sitting—some are standing;
Some rejoicing—some are grieving;
Some entreating—some relieving;
Some are weeping—some are laughing;
Some are thirsting—some are quaffing;
Some accepting—some refusing;
Some are thrifty—some abusing;
Some compelling—some persuading;
Some are flattering—some degrading;
Some are patient—some are fuming;
Some are modest—some presuming;
Some are leasing—some are farming;
Some are helping—some are harming;
Some are running—some are riding;
Some departing—some abiding;
Some are sending—some are bringing;
Some are crying—some are singing.'
Some are hearing—some are preaching;
Some are learning—some are teaching;
Some disdaining—some affecting;
Some assiduous—some neglecting;
Some are feasting—some are fasting;
Some are saving—some are wasting;
Some are losing—some are winning;
Some repenting—some are sinning;
Some professing—some adoring;
Some are silent—some are roaring;
Some are restive—some are willing;
Some preserving—some are killing;
Some are bounteous—some are grinding;
Some are seeking—some are finding;
Some are thieving—some receiving;
Some are hiding—some revealing;
Some commending—some are blaming;
Some dismembering—some new-framing;
Some are quiet—some disputing;
Some confuted—and confuting;
Some are marching—some retiring;
Some are resting—some aspiring;
Some enduring—some deriding;
Some are falling—some are rising;
These are sufficient to recite,
Since all men's deeds are infinite;
Some end their parts when some begin;
Some go out—and some come in.'

A Passing Privilege.

(By Cora S. Day, in the 'American Messenger.')

He was a white-haired old man, a bit bent and shaken by the rude storms of life. Yet he was a favorite with the young folks—perhaps because he kept still in his kindly old heart a spark of youth, that brought him into sympathy and accord with them. They were always glad to listen to him when he talked.

'It's a passin' privilege—a passin' privilege—this youth o' yours. You'd ought to make the most of it, while you can,' he said to a friendly group one day. One of the college boys turned with a smile as he repeated:

'Gather the rosebuds while you may,
Old Time is still a-flying.'

'Yes, yes; that's it,' agreed the old man, 'or at least a part of it. It's right that you should gather the pretty things—the innocent pleasures of youth—while ye're young. But there's other things to gather, too—fruit as well as flowers. You want to gather up the things that are going to make your lives sweet and good all the way through. You can't gather up weeds and sticks and stones, and then sit down later and enjoy your collection. You can't build poor stone into a wall and have a good wall when it's done. You can't put a tree into the ground crooked and let it grow all out of shape, and have a fine straight tree when it is grown. So you can't put poor, crooked living into your young days and make a good life out of it. It's your privilege to put the right sort o' things into your lives now, every day. Then you may be pretty sure that the rest o' your days will be like them. But don't you forget, it's a passin' privilege. When the flowers and fruit are picked—when the wall's built—when the tree's grown—when the days o' youth are gone—then it's mighty hard to change things, I tell you. Better make the most o' your passin' privilege while it's yours.'

What Mark Twain Says About Birds.

'The moment Tom begun to talk about birds I judged he was a goner, because Jim knowed more about birds than both of us put together. You see, he had killed hundreds and hundreds of them, and that's the way to find out about birds. That's the way that people does that writes books about birds, and loves them so that they'll go hungry and tired and take any amount of trouble to find a new bird and kill it. Their name is ornithologers, and I could a been an ornithologer myself, because I always loved birds and creatures—and I started out to learn how to be one, and I see a bird sitting on a dead limb of a tree, singing, with his head tilted back and his mouth open, and before I thought I fired, and his song stopped, and he fell straight down from the limb, all limp like a rag, and I run and picked him up, and he was dead, and his body was warm in my hand, and his head rolled about, this way and that, like his neck was broken, and there was a white skin over his eyes, and one little drop of blood on the side of his head, and laws! I couldn't see nothing more for the tears; and I hain't ever murdered no creatures since that warn't doing me no harm, and I ain't going to.'

Things to Remember.

1. Remember that everything that is alive can feel. Sometimes there are too many insects, and they have to be killed. When they must die, kill them as quickly and mercifully as you can.

2. Remember that cruelty grows like other sins if not checked.

3. Remember that to take pleasure in seeing animals hurt or killed shows something terribly wrong in our nature.

4. Remember your pets—if you keep any—and see that they do not starve while you live in plenty.

5. Remember that cats and dogs want fresh water always where they can get at it.

6. Boys who drive donkeys or horses should remember that they must go slowly when they have loads to drag, and that the poor animals are made of flesh and blood. Blows will make them weak and less able to work. Angry words frighten and wear them out. Use the whip as little as possible, and encourage them with kind words.

7. When you feel inclined to throw stones at living creatures, stop and think: 'How should I like to be bruised, and to get my bones broken "just for fun?"'

The Celebrated Russian Novelist, Turgenieff.

The celebrated Russian novelist, Turgenieff, tells a touching incident from his own life, which awakened in him sentiments that have colored all his writings.

When Turgenieff was a boy of ten his father took him out one day bird-shooting. As they tramped across the brown stubble a golden pheasant rose with a low whirr from the ground at his feet, and, with the joy of a sportsman, he raised his gun and fired, wild with excitement, when the creature fell fluttering at his side. Life was ebbing fast, but the instinct of the mother was stronger than death itself, and with a feeble flutter of her wings the mother bird reached the nest where her young brood were huddled, unconscious of danger. Then, with such a look of pleading and reproach that his heart stood still at the ruin he had wrought (and never to his dying day did he forget the feeling of guilt that came to him in that moment), the little brown head toppled over, and only the dead body of the mother shielded her nestlings.

'Father, father!' he cried, 'what have I done?' as he turned his horror-stricken face to his father. But not to his father's eye had this little tragedy been enacted, and he said: 'Well done, my son; that was well done for your first shot. You will soon be a fine sportsman.'

'Never, father; never again shall I destroy any living creature. If that is sport I will have none of it. Life is more beautiful to me than death, and since I cannot give life, I will not take it.'

Heroes of God.

(Marianne Farningham, in the 'Missionary Herald.')

They have journeyed far
On a stormy tide
To the friendless shore
And the strange hillside,
Where the wild winds sigh
And the darkness creeps,
For their hearts are sad
With a world that weeps,
And theirs is a love
That never sleeps.

Where the stress is great
And the battle long
They strengthen their faith
With psalm and song;
And if for guerdon
They have defeat,
The hymns of their angels
Are ever sweet,
And they make their rest
At the Master's feet.

God is the source
Of their secret strength;
They trust in Him,
And they see at length
That morn is breaking
After the night,
And the harvest fields
Are gold and white,
While shines around them
God's fadeless light.

But who shall follow
Where they have led?
Who live and labor
And love instead?
O hearts of youth,
Earth waits for you;
Be strong and brave,
Be firm and true,
Faithfully promise,
And nobly do!

Be True to Yourself.

Never forget that you are on this earth for a purpose. It may not appear now to what end you were born. You may live and die without knowing why you lived. But if you leave behind you a record of a life well spent you will have accomplished your mission, and future generations will know the reason of your existence.—Henry Taylor Gray.

The Best Thing.

The best thing in this world is a good man. The first thing that a human being should recognize about himself is that his character is his distinguishable feature. It is not the amount of money, the amount of power, the amount of brains that a man has, but his character. Whatever fellow men may say or do to the contrary, this is a fact, that what separates him from others and gives him his individuality is his goodness or lack of goodness, according to its degree. Money, power and brains have their place and exert an influence in deciding a man's position and recognition; but by the standard of ages, by which every one is tried in character and in God's

sight, which is the final and determined sight, men are what they are in wishes and purposes. It is not, then, too much to say that the supreme ambition of a person's life should be to secure a worthy character.

Your daily duties are part of your religious life just as much as your devotions.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Ruth Mayhew's Helps.

(By Lizzie Young Butler, in the 'Good Cheer.')

Ruth Mayhew walked briskly down the street enjoying the bright morning, and taking solid comfort in the crisp breeze which took such liberties with her curly hair. A fair picture she was to all who saw her, especially to little Tommy Pates, whose sled had stuck fast in the snow, refusing to move, though Tommy pulled with all his small strength. Indeed, the constant yanks given by Tommy's hands endangered not only Tommy himself, but the safety of the packages on the sled. Ruth's sunny face grew brighter as she smiled upon the little fellow.

'I think two of us can do that better than one,' said she, and in a moment the little fellow ran briskly away with hearty thanks for 'the lift that came just in the nick of time, Miss Ruth.'

The words kept with Ruth so persistently that she began to ask herself if there was not some one else waiting, perhaps, for the 'lift' she might give in 'just' the nick of time,' and as she questioned herself she lifted her eyes to a face at an opposite window. A bright smile and bow and Ruth went across the street.

When Miss Ruth had taught school the year before Bessie Ford had been one of her pupils. During the summer vacation poor Bessie had met with a painful and lasting injury which would confine her to an invalid's chair the rest of her life. It was a great grief that her life should be shut in when so young, but when the first shock had passed Bessie found strength to be sweet and cheerful even in suffering.

'I've been wanting to see you specially, dear Miss Ruth,' said Bessie, as Ruth stooped to kiss her. 'Just draw that easy chair near so that I can see as well as hear you. There, that is nice. I just wanted to ask your advice about this tatting set, Miss Ruth. I have just finished it,' and Bessie drew from the drawer near by a bureau set made by her own fingers.

'It is simply exquisite, Bessie,' exclaimed Ruth, as she took the dainty, filmy pieces in her hand. 'How beautifully you work it, dear.'

'Yes, it is pretty. If I were well I should consider it a great waste of time to use my fingers so entirely in this way, but as things are, I cannot be thankful enough that I can crochet and do a little tatting.' Ruth's thoughts flew.

'What I wished to know is this: Would you send this to the exchange in Boston for sale? You know, Miss Ruth, I do so love to earn my own missionary money, and then,' with a little flush, 'my mind is so much easier when I can help or add to the family purse.'

'I understand, dear,' and Ruth pressed the hand on the chair.

But Bessie's eyes were questioning her.

'Why do you not have a sale of your very own, Bessie?'

'Oh, if I could!'

Ruth laughed.

'You certainly can. Make some of those pretty handkerchiefs with knot-stitch edge, add some lace and tidies, and when you are all ready we'll write some dainty cards and send them to different ladies in town. No,' for Bessie's thanks were beginning to flow, 'do not give me credit for the idea. While you were talking I recalled a conversation I overheard yesterday between two ladies, who were lamenting that they could find no pretty handwork here. I think your sale will enable you to replenish the mission box, little woman, as well as add a little to the family purse.'

It was a very animated, thoughtful girl that Ruth left when she at length ran down the Ford steps, thinking, 'one more help. Who else is waiting for my help? Some one, perhaps, who will get none if I fail to give it,' and Ruth's face grew troubled as she hastened along through her own gate to the door. A sudden thought flashed like a ray of light across her face.

'Poor old souls! I will try to get over there this afternoon. Who knows but what they need a little brightening and are waiting for help! Poor and old and paupers, they shall have some of my sweetest flowers.'

As she was hanging hat and coat in the back hall, cook's voice could be distinctly heard:

'How I'm ever to get those potatoes peeled, and the turnip and squash ready for dinner beats me,' and the tone was a wearied, fretted one.

Ruth stopped.

'But I just can't bear to pare potatoes! They stain one's hands so!' and she glanced with a kind of pity upon her immaculately kept hands. Then she wheeled quickly about and appeared so quickly at the kitchen door that cook gave a little scream.

'I'll pare the potatoes, cook, while you beat the pudding, and dinner will be ready as by magic,' and it was a very cheery voice which said those words.

'Indeed, then, Miss Ruth, dear, you're a darling! Your pa is so particular to have his dinner just on time. Dear me, but you've put new life into me. What with the ironing and all, I plumb forgot about the time,' and cook flew about with such zest, influenced by the white fingers dropping potato parings, that, almost without thought, the vegetables were bubbling over the fire and Ruth's favorite pudding was browning in the oven.

After dinner the small brother's mitten must be darned, and 'sister Ruth looked good enough to bite,' while she was bending over it; then there were some bills to draw off for father and an errand or two to run for mother before Ruth could turn to her plan of the morning. Thyme and lavendar, nasturtiums and heliotrope from her own choice plants in the bay window, were tied into odorous little bunches, and with them snugly tucked into a basket away from the cold Ruth started 'across lots' to the city home. Whether the flowers carried any special message or not Ruth does not know, but they

were eagerly grasped by the trembling old fingers, and many a word of praise followed her as she passed above stairs to those who were sick or bedridden.

The twilight was fast falling as Ruth's hand was clasped by Mrs. Gray, who was hardly able to thank her for her help.

'Come again, dear. Your bright face and talk give the old bodies something pleasant to think about, and then they will all want to hear you sing again. You have been a great help.'

As Ruth hastened towards home she glanced at her hands.

'Honorable stains!' she smilingly called them, but neither stained fingers nor little time to herself since morning kept her from being very, very happy.

'I'd like another—yes, many days, a whole New Year—just like this,' sighed she, happily, as her tired head pressed the pillow, and certainly angels guarded that pillow and gave her refreshing slumber, if one might judge by the bright face which appeared to the mother next morning.

New Song by the Rev. Dr. Lilley.

At a soiree held recently of Knox's U. F. Church Band of Hope, in Arbroath, there was sung by a little girl a song composed by the Rev. Rr. Lilley, which deserves wider publicity. We have pleasure in reproducing it as follows:—

Children o' oor hopefu' Band,
Rally to your country's side:
By the Temperance banner stand,
Ring its message far and wide.

Will ye no' let drink alane?
Will ye no' let drink alane?
Better, wiser wad ye be,
Will ye no' let drink alane?

Mony a happy, peacefu' hame
Lies in ruin, bleak and bare;
Stains on mony an honest name
Aye the auld dark curse declare.

See the drunkard's ragged wean
Shiverin' in his shoonless feet;
See his faither's waefu' mien,
As he staggers doon the street,

In the prison's iron walls
Lingers lang the hapless sot,
While the tearfu' wife recalls
A' the anguish o' his lot.

Shall our noble Scottish fame
Still endure the crimson stains?
No! we say with loud acclaim:
No! while love within us reigns.

By your hate o' cruel wrang,
By the graves that round you lie,
Wake the echoes loud and lang,
Raise anew the pleading cry.

At the Stroke of Nine.

A pretty, white cottage, on a broad, green lawn, with a stone wall leading to the gate.

By the door a rose climbed over the wall, and the gentle north wind scattered the white petals like snow on the ground.

And the perfume from these flowers floated up, rich and sweet, like the breath of incense, burning in the temple of old.

A woman whose hair was just touched with gray stood in the doorway, and a tall, handsome young man lingered at the gate.

'Good-bye,' the woman was saying, 'be sure to stop at the hotel with Fred Gilvin. I am sure he will keep you out of mischief. Be a good boy, and remember, every night and morning at nine o'clock I will pray for you.'

'Good-bye,' he said as he closed the gate, 'good-bye.'

He passed down the street in all the beauty of his young manhood, with his fine, square shoulders straight and his head proudly erect.

Night in the great city, with its revel of sin and crime. It was the same old story; it may not be repeated, how Paul Durgin was tempted, and amid the jeers of his companions, fell; home, mother and everything forgotten.

As he staggered down the street he met Fred Gilvin. 'Paul,' said Fred, laying his hand on his friend's shoulder, 'what does this mean?'

'Oh, I've been on a little jaunt,' replied Paul, uneasily.

'Paul, do you realize how far you have fallen to-night; have you forgotten the teachings of your mother?'

There was no reply, and Fred continued, 'Do you realize that to-night you have taken the first step on the downward road; that you have forged the first link in your chain of destruction, that you are lost unless——'

The sentence was never finished, for Paul turned fiercely upon him.

'See here,' he said hotly, 'you hush. I'm not going to listen to your eternal preaching. I'll do as I please, and I won't take anything off you, do you understand?' His voice rose and his eyes glowed with a strange light.

He was usually slow to anger, but whiskey had fired his brain and he was mad. 'Yes,' replied the voice of his friend, 'I understand, but, oh, Paul! I can't see you go to destruction without trying to save you; we have always been such good friends, and it breaks my heart to see——'

Here, without a word of warning, Paul raised his arm and struck him a blow on the head.

There was no moan or outcry as his gentle, noble, trusting friend fell to the ground.

Paul stood still, looking at the prostrate form at his feet; then looking fearfully around he knelt down and laid his hand over his friend's heart—it was still. His dear old playmate, chum, and friend, was beyond recall.

The moonbeams fell directly on the white-still face, with its high white forehead and clustering hair.

He knelt there gazing into that quiet face, eagerly watching for some sign of life, but he watched in vain.

As the truth slowly dawned upon him he covered his face with his hands and moaned aloud.

'He is dead,' he said, slowly; 'dead, and I killed him, but God knows I didn't mean to—I loved. Oh, Fred!'

He took his hands from his face and looked at them eagerly. They were smooth and white, but he stook his head. 'They are covered with blood,' he said with a shudder, 'but I was mad with drink. I never was drunk before, but now I am a murderer.'

He stretched out his hands to the skies, and just then the clock in the tower chimed out the hour, 1, 2, 3, 7, 8, 9. 'Nine o'clock,' he moaned, 'Oh, mother.'

The large court-room was crowded with people to hear the verdict, 'Ninety-nine years of penal servitude.'

The judge asked the prisoner if he had anything to say, and in a trembling voice he said, 'Your honor, I would like to say a few words before I am taken away for ever from my fellow men.'

'In memory I can see a little white schoolhouse, with its broad playground shaded by rows of leafy maples.

'I see the children as they play their games at recess, and, coming home, I see two little boys side by side with their lunch baskets; perhaps eating an apple or a piece of cake, each one dividing with the other.

'I see them in the sweet summer-time wading in the old mill stream or lying on the grassy bank watching the fish. I see them as they grow to manhood and enter college. Then again I see them standing side by side on the battlefield in their suits of blue.

'But these sweet visions fade, and another one appears.

'I see one of them going the downward path. I see him as he staggers down the street, and I see the other one with his highborn, pure face, pleading with the drunken one to reform; I hear his kind voice as he pleads in vain.

'And then the drunken one raises his hand and strikes his friend to the ground. I see him as he lies still and motionless in the moonlight.

'Then I see a dark, gloomy prison, surrounded by its high walls, and in that prison I see the one who committed the crime serving his life sentence.

'I see him toiling day by day with never a hope of release, shut in from the busy outside world, never again to wander free, never again to associate with the friends and companions of former years, but there in that gloomy prison he toils till life shall end, then be buried in a potter's field, and be forgotten by all who once knew and loved him.

'Gentlemen of the jury, I was drunk only once, but it was enough. I have finished.'

He covered his face with his hands as if to shut out the light, and sank into his chair.

As they led him from the room, the judge's wife (a kind-hearted woman who had a son) placed a bouquet of roses in his shackled hands.

'Oh,' he exclaimed, burying his face in the fragrant petals, 'how sweet; they are like the ones mother used to grow. I shall never pick them again.'

And like the knell of a death-bell the clock in the tower tolled the hour. Nine O'clock.—The 'Home Defender.'

Local Option.

Sing a song of sadness,
Misery, and sin,
Liquor-house the cause of them,
Men go in;
Squander sense and money;
Oh! the wasted lives,
Oh! the sad, sad story,
Children starve and wives.

Sing a song of gladness,
Liquor-house away.
Local Option came and won,
Happy Day!
What is Local Option?
The people's right to say
If they'll have the drink shops,
Or shut them up for aye.

—'Scottish Reformer.'

The Temperance Pledge.

'It is not unusual to hear some who profess to be friends of temperance urge objections to the signing of a pledge. They say it implies a distrust of one's own firmness and self-control. This is about as absurd an objection as could be uttered. Only think of men who require a pledge in the most trifling transactions of life seriously arguing against it in one so important. The person who signs a temperance pledge does it not for his own good alone, but for the good of the general community. The pledge is the form of initiation, the bond which binds those who take it to each other, and to perform a specified work. It is nothing more nor less than a mutual contract with a community to witness its fulfilment. In the temperance cause a man may resolve to drink no more, and for years he may faithfully adhere to his resolution, but at last he finds himself so situated that it is difficult to abstain; extreme importunity to those among whom he is thrown, and scoffs, soon break down the secret resolution and he falls. Not so the publicly pledged man. His pride, as well as his conscience, is aroused. He thinks of his friends and companions, of what they will say; he remembers that if he drinks he violates a solemn obligation, and the world will no longer place confidence in him. Here are inducements enough to make the weakest man strong.'—'Temperance Record.'

Moderate Drinking.

The following was the testimony of the late Geo. W. Childs in relation to what is called moderate drinking. It may well be pondered by the few professing Christians who still assert their liberty in relation to this matter—

'I cannot lay too great a stress on the matter of strict temperance. Drinking beer, wine or spirits is a useless and dangerous habit. It does no good, and if the habit is continued it is almost sure to lead to destruction and death. Taste not. Touch not. Handle not. You should have courage to say No, if you are asked to drink. In looking back over my life I can recall many of the best and most promising of my companions who were ruined by the habit of drinking—not one of whom ever imagined that he would be wrecked in mind and body, and eventually fill a drunkard's grave. There is no safety in moderate drinking; every one who touches it at all is in danger.'—Selected.

At a recent trial for murder the judge, in rendering his decision said:

'The case at bar is the seventy-sixth murder case I have tried, either as state's attorney or as judge, during the past nineteen years. I have kept a careful record of each case, and I have to say that in seventy-five of the seventy-six, whiskey was the exciting cause.'

LITTLE FOLKS

Cutey Wee.

The closet under the stairs at the end of the hall was dark and dusty. It was never used except to store things not in use—or if the children played Indian, when it served as tepee for the squaws. If mother wanted to find anything in the closet, she had to swing the door far back, and even then it was not very light, so it is no wonder that, in a shadowy corner, long after winter things were put away till

another season, one little warm red-lined overshoe lay unseen and forgotten. In front of this overshoe a little gray mouse stood one day in delighted surprise. I am sure she stood up on her hind feet and clapped her front ones, and said, 'If this isn't just the place for Cutey Wee!'

Now Cutey Wee was a very much petted and spoiled little mouse baby. They had lived in the cellar; but the nest was destroyed, and only little Cutey Wee had been rescued. And now, if Mrs. Mouse wasn't thinking about her, Mr. Mouse was, and they would go from roof to cellar if Cutey Wee gave her tiniest squeak. So Mr. Mouse was brought to the closet to look at the little red-lined overshoe, and of course he agreed with Mrs. Mouse, and so the family moved, which means only that Cutey Wee was brought to the closet and dropped into the overshoe.

Because of the elegance of this new apartment, Mrs. Mouse began to put on airs. She was not afraid of anybody, and she was interested in everything. I saw her stand on her hind feet in front of book after book on the lowest book-shelf, looking up at them, and I suppose she was thinking of Cutey Wee's going to school.

But the doll-house attracted her most. She studied over the little chairs and swinging cradles, and I wonder why she did not think of moving in there, for everthing was just the right size. But before a little wardrobe she stood fascinated and, when she left the playhouse, she held by her teeth a little white dress, only two inches long, with blue bows on the shoulders.

'Look!' she cried to Mr. Mouse when she got home, 'this is for Cutey Wee.'

Do you suppose Cutey Wee put it on, bows and all, and sat there in the little overshoe? Well, even if she didn't, Mrs. Mouse knew it was what the dolls had, and nothing was too good for Cutey Wee.

Nor was that all. Whether Cutey Wee squeaked, 'Mamma, I must have a hat,' I do not know, but Mrs. Mouse brought her hats and caps and coats and more dresses, all from the doll-house.

So Cutey Wee sat in the midst of her finery, more of a spoiled little mouse than ever. Yet Mrs. Mouse looked at her little daughter anxiously.

'I am afraid Cutey Wee is lonely,' she thought. And as she searched the pantry for crumbs, she kept wondering what she could do.

That night she went back to the play-house, went up to a little chair where a wee dolly sat, and, catching her dress in her mouth, carried her down the side of the play-house, away across the floor to the dusty closet where Cutey Wee sat alone in the little overshoe, and put her down beside her.

Did ever a Mrs. Mouse do such a thing before? Did ever a spoiled mouse baby have such a gift brought her? Or did ever a little doll have such an adventure?

Don't think I have made all this up. No, indeed! I was a little girl then, and the doll-house was mine. And I missed the little dresses, and I missed the little doll, and no one could understand the strange way in which they had disappeared. Then one day the little red-lined overshoe was found in the closet, and mother showed it to me.

I saw them there myself, all the little clothes I had lost, and the little doll Arabella, and sitting by her was Cutey Wee.—'Little Folks.'

Ten Little Smiles.

(By Albert F. Caldwell, in the 'Sunbeam.')

One little smile ran off alone to play,
Conquered a pout it found on the way.

Two little smiles instead of one
Overtook a second pout—my, what fun!

Three little smiles said, 'Come along with us,'
Meeting a wee frown in a needless fuss.

Four little smiles at a merry pace
Whisked off a baby frown from an anxious face.

Five little smiles—a very jolly mix!—
Overtook another pout; smiles now six!

Six little smiles (over half eleven)
Enticed away another frown; now the smiles are seven.

Seven little smiles—what a lucky fate!—
Met a tiny woe-begone, little band of eight.

Eight little smiles all in a line,
Surrounded a pucker—see, the smiles are nine!

Nine smiles now in all—courageous little men—
Took a stray pout prisoner, and swelled the ranks to ten!

Isn't it amazing (yet it's really true)
What a single little smile all by itself can do!

Ruby's Charity.

(By Lilian Gibson.)

'Mother,' said Ruby, 'I wish I could help that old man who lives in the little yellow house next to Parsons.' People say that he is nearly starving, but still when they take him anything he always refuses it, no matter how nice it is. Why does he?

'Well, you see Ruby,' mother replied, 'People do not like to accept charity when they are proud, as this old man is. I think he would like it better if they gave him some work instead of money and food.'

Ruby thought long and deeply. 'Any way,' she said at last, 'I

wouldn't like the old man to starve.'

The next day for dinner mother had some delicious early vegetables and lovely lemon tarts. 'Oh mother,' said Ruby, 'I wonder what that poor old man has for dinner? My slippers need mending dreadfully. Don't you think it would be all right if I took them over with some dinner and asked him to mend the slippers and eat the dinner?'

Papa laughed gayly, but approved of the plan, 'If you persuade him that it is not charity it will be all right,' he said.

Ruby hurriedly wrapped up her slippers and put the dinner into the basket. When she got into the street it didn't take her long to get to the little yellow house.

In answer to her knock a thin, hungry-looking old man came to the door. 'Come in,' he said, looking suspiciously at the basket.

Ruby showed him her slippers. 'Oh,' he said, 'I can soon mend that, little girlie.'

'And mother, instead of paying you in money, sent me with this dinner, because she knew you didn't have anybody to cook for you.'

Ruby uncovered the basket and showed him the well-cooked victuals. He was delighted.

When the next day Ruby came for her slippers he said, 'Tell your mother that I appreciate her cooking.'

'Yes, and I appreciate your mending,' Ruby answered.

Many other little jobs of Ruby's were done by the old man, and when her little companions saw how neatly he mended her slippers, boots, and other things, they asked their parents if they couldn't be the old man's customers too, so the man in the little yellow house soon had a thriving little business.

Why the Boys 'Made Up.'

'As Dr. Meade rushed out of his front door, in a great hurry to pay a visit six miles away, he almost stumbled over little Ben, sitting alone on the porch step, writes Elizabeth Preston Allen, in the 'Christian Observer.'

'Hello, Captain; where's your mate?' asked the doctor. He always called Ben 'Captain,' and the little boy next door his 'mate.' This little boy's name was Blake.

'He's at home,' Ben answered, mournfully.

'Have you and your mate quarrelled?' asked the doctor.

Ben nodded. Two big tears were making his eyelashes heavy, and he had to wink hard to keep them from rolling down his cheeks.

'Jump into the buggy and go out to Whistle Creek with me, Captain,' said Ben's father, the doctor. 'You can tell me about it as we go along.'

And this was the story Ben told of his quarrel with Blake: 'You see, father,' he said, 'Blake and I are keeping a bird list, to see who knows the most birds; and yesterday while we were playing mumble-the-peg, a Carolina wren came and sat in the locust tree, and sang like everything.'

'How did you know it was a Carolina wren?' asked the doctor.

'Why, father! I've known the Carolina wren for the longest time—I 'spect about a week. Miss Robbins taught me. But Blake says he knows a Carolina wren, too; Jack Foster showed him one while it was singing. He says the bird in the locust tree looked like one, but he knew it wasn't, because the Carolina wren sings this way'—Ben whistled something like 'Sweetheart, Sweetheart.' His father was surprised to hear how much like a bird it sounded.

'And how did the bird in the locust tree sing?' the doctor asked.

'Oh, something like this'—and Ben whistled a loud, clear, bubbling strain, not at all like 'Sweetheart.'

Now, Dr. Meade knew very little about birds, so he couldn't decide the quarrel, and Ben didn't listen much to his good advice about it not making any difference how the Carolina wren sang.

But while Ben held the horse at Mr. Pyle's door, what did a Carolina wren do but perch on a lilac bush and sing both ways, first the sweetheart way and then the other!

So then Ben agreed that he and Blake were two foolish little boys, and he begged the doctor to drive home real quick; he wanted to make up.—'Home Herald.'

The Go-sleep Story.

'It is night time,' said the little white dog.

'It is time for babies and dogs to be asleep.

'I must go and see Baby Ray.'

So the little white dog went to the house.

Mother was singing to Baby Ray.

One little dog to keep, keep, keep,
Came to see if Baby Ray was asleep, sleep, sleep.'

'It is night time,' said the two pussy cats.

'It is time for babies and cats to be asleep.

'We must go and see Baby Ray.'

So the two pussy cats went to the house.

'One little dog to keep, keep, keep,
Two little pussy cats, creep creep, creep,
Came to see if Baby Ray was asleep, sleep, sleep.'

'It is night time,' said the three pretty rabbits.

'It is time for babies and rabbits to be asleep.

'We must go and see Baby Ray.'

So the three pretty rabbits went to the house.

'One little dog to keep, keep, keep,
Two little pussy cats, creep creep, creep,
Three pretty rabbits with a leap, leap, leap,
Came to see if Baby Ray was asleep, sleep, sleep.'

'It is night time,' said the four ducks.

'It is time for babies and ducks to be asleep.

'We must go and see Baby Ray.'

So the four ducks went to the house.

'One little dog to keep, keep, keep,
Two little pussy cats, creep, creep, creep,
Three little rabbits with a leap, leap, leap,
Four ducks from the duck pond, deep, deep, deep,
Came to see if Baby Ray was asleep, sleep, sleep.'

'It is night time,' said the five white chicks.

'It is time for babies and chicks to be asleep.

'We must go and see Baby Ray.'

So the five white chicks went to the house.

'One little dog to keep, keep, keep,
Two little pussy cats, creep, creep, creep,
Three pretty rabbits with a leap, leap, leap,
Four ducks from the duck pond deep, deep, deep,
Five little chicks, with a peep, peep, peep,
All found Baby Ray asleep, sleep, sleep.'—'Canadian Teacher.'

Mamma.

Papa is very dear and kind,
Funnier than Aunties are,
And more than Nurse he makes us mind;
Mamma is just—Mamma.

She makes her arms a cuddle-place,
Where every grief is drowned,
And if we couldn't see her face
The world would not go round.
—'Father Tuck's Annual.'

Correspondence

CHRISTMAS EVE.

(By a Scotch Lassie.)

The air was clear and cold. The light of the full moon fell on the snow-covered world beautifully. Inside the palace all was commotion. It always was so on Christmas Eve. Fairies and brownies ran hither and thither. Santa drew on his big fur coat and gauntlets, placed his cap on firmly, and then cried: 'Now, my little elves, if all is ready I must start on my joyful journey to the world. I hear my reindeer pawing impatiently outside, so I must go.' Enjoy yourselves while I am away. Good-bye.' and Santa Claus jumped into the sleigh, calling to his steeds.

The big, silver moon, shining on the snow-covered plains and white, icy mountains, made a beautiful picture. At least Santa thought so, as he sat nestled down comfortably among the robes. The only sound he heard was the soft noise of the reindeer's hoofs and the jingle of the bells.

On, on, on, mile after mile, over hills and plains, they went. The reindeer never slackened their steady pace; they seemed tireless.

At last, in the distance he saw the highest steeples and chimneys of the world. From under the seat he took a very large book, in which he had the names of all the children on whom he was to call that night. 'Let me see,' he said, 'There are little Roy and Nellie Wilson first, they live in Tin Can Alley, and then there's Sadie West and her two brothers, but Johnny hasn't been very good since last Christmas. Now, that's too bad, I had meant to give him a drum, but he doesn't deserve it. I'll give him this bow and arrow; it's nicely carved, and I think he'll like it. Little Mary, of the tenement, in the garret; she is very good and her mother is poor. I will give her this doll all dressed in pink, I know it will please her.'

'Whoa! Whoa there. Here we are at Tin Can Alley. Whoa there!' Santa caught up a bulky bag of toys and jumped from the sleigh. The house at which he had stopped was low and rickety. He found his way in as no one else would have done. He went softly upstairs into a tiny bedroom where two little children were sleeping. Here he found the two little stockings hung side by side.

Swiftly opening his pack he pulled out, first a doll, then a jackknife and drum, then a pair of red woollen mittens. After filling the stockings with nuts and putting a golden orange on the top of each, he turned to go.

Santa felt that he had done his work here very well; the little ones would be very glad in the morning he thought when they saw what was in their stockings. He went downstairs and then outside in the same mysterious way that he had entered. His reindeer were waiting impatiently outside, so he jumped into the sleigh and drove away to the next house. So all through the long night Santa went softly about his work and not a person heard him, so noiselessly did he do it. At last every little stocking, whose owner had been good during the year, was filled and a rosy glow was seen above the hill-tops. Then Santa turned his reindeer homeward. He was rather late; he saw signs of awaking in some of the houses, so he had to hurry.

Just as he was safely outside of the world, he thought he heard the merry jingling of sleigh bells, and he even thought he heard the children exclaiming about what they found in their stockings. He settled comfortably among the robes and let his reindeer bear him home to his palace, feeling highly contented with his night's work.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Our Friend Santa.' Violet Smith, Montreal.
2. 'Hickery Dickey Dock.' Vera Hetherington (age 7), C., N.B.
3. 'Santa Claus.' Charlie Brown, C., Ont.
4. 'Mabel.' Vera J. Smith (age 14), C., P.E.I.
5. 'Good Luck.' Gug Mack, P.A., Sask.
6. 'A Happy Christmas.' Eileen Smith, Montreal.

Burks Falls, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen a letter written to you from here, I thought perhaps you and the readers might enjoy one. I am the only girl of a family of five. My mother died 12 years ago, and my oldest brother is married. I am the youngest. My other two brothers are away at present, but we expect them home about Christmas, so father and I are alone. He belongs to the Presbyterian Church, but I go to the Baptist Sunday School. I like my lady teacher very much. We live a short distance from the river, so we can see the boats coming in and out. This is a good place for the hunters. Quite a lot of deer came up on the boats, also two bears, but not so many as the boats carried last year. We have one dog we call Kaiser. He's a little cross with strangers, but very kind with us. He can perform a few tricks, such as shake hands, roll over, sit up on a chair. Well there is enough snow for sleighs here, and the boys and girls enjoy sleigh-riding on the sidewalks.

BELLA A.

Sprucedale, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I do enjoy reading the 'Messenger' so much. We have a little snow now, but not sleighing, although I believe the cutters could run now. We have been sleigh riding in the yard. I hope we will have snow for Christmas, so old Santa Claus can get around more easily. I must write a letter to him to please my little brothers. I don't know if we are to have a tree in our house or not yet, but I think they will have one for the Sunday School children. I am studying my lessons now, as I want to pass my exams. I expect lots of things at Christmas, and I may go to my auntie's in Galt. I want skates. We have service every Sunday evening, and Sunday School in the afternoon. Last Sunday we had a union service, and met in the Baptist Church; quite a number turned out. I must close soon now, as I have to do the dishes yet. I like housework and I like to play. I have a big doll. Her name is Lula Hazel. She is not a very pretty doll and you can't break her. I think I'll get a Teddy Bear. The hunters shot about eleven deer this fall.

HAZEL D.

[illegible], Ont.

Dear Editor,—We had a beautiful anniversary on Sunday, November 24th, and the social and entertainment was on Monday evening. We had singing by the choir and Sunday School scholars. We had speeches by different ministers, and everybody said it was fine. We had skating for a few nights, but the snow soon covered it. We have a long way to go to the ice.

RUTH WILSON.

E., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Having read the letters in the 'Messenger,' I decided to write one. Embro is a pretty little village with three churches and a population of about six hundred. I live with my grandmother and she takes the 'Messenger.' My mother has been dead seven years, and I have one sister. My father works in a little village where they make cheese boxes. We are going to have a new railroad here, and there are parties of men working on the line now. The station is near to us. The children of our church have a Mission Band, which meets every second Saturday, and I enjoy going very much.

HAZEL C. (age 11 years).

A., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have a little kitten belonging to my sister and me. It is a tortoise shell color and will play with spools and a string of any kind when it gets hold of them. It will also jump up on your knee. We have a good cattle dog called Rover. We had a little terrier dog for my sister Aggie to play with, but we sold it. He used to stay in the house all the time nearly and he under the stove. We had our barn repaired this year, and we had plenty of work to do in the house. We have it all finished now and find quite an improvement over last year.

JESSIE INGLIS (11 years).

O.S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for three or four years and read all the letters, so I thought I would try to write one too. Jap, my dog, will follow me wherever I go, but when I start off for school I give him a piece of bread and he stays at home. My cats are good ones to play with. Their color is black and white. They catch a lot of mice in the barn. Every Friday at school we have exams, and from last recess to four we have a little concert. About two miles from our school there is a post office and a little store, and my school chum lives there.

MAC WILSON (age 8).

OTHER LETTERS.

Mabel Burton, C., Ont., says 'we are having a Christmas tree at Christmas, and we children all have pieces to say.' Did you have a good time Mabel? Your riddle has been asked before.

Catherine Slack, N.H., P. Que., sends some riddles, but forgot to send their answers. She writes, 'I got a prize at school last year and have only missed one afternoon this.'

W. A. B., Dorchester, N.B., says, 'I saw a deer on my way down to my snares. I am building new snares this year for rabbits?' This is a riddle he asks: Why are a man's false teeth like the stars?

Violet Smith, Montreal, writes, 'I have been rank one in school since it started in September, and am trying to keep it up.' Glad you were not too busy to write, Violet.

Vera Jane Smith, C., P.E.I., sends in a Biblical alphabet, which we will keep for a later time.

We also received little letters from Jessie B. Rutherford, L., Ont.; Ruby Finley, P., N.S.; Hughie McFadyen, C., Ont.; Blanche Shook, S., Ont.; Charlie Brown, C., Ont., who enclosed only part of his letter, and Daisy Ross, A., Ont. Any riddles in these have been asked before.

PREMIUMS ! PREMIUMS ! PREMIUMS !

Open to Our Subscribers or their Families.

given free as a return for a little pleasant work in introducing our publication into new homes. Some of the old favorites for which there is a perennial call, also many new ones. Something to interest everyone. No limit to the number of premiums that one person may earn, so long as the required number of NEW subscriptions at FULL REGULAR RATES are sent in.

All premiums sent post-paid anywhere in Canada, unless expressly stated otherwise. Everyone relies on our premiums— quality good—each premium just what we say it is. 'Far better than we expected' is the universal verdict.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS are those who have not before taken the paper, or who, at least, have not been on our mailing list within the last two years; in short, whose subcription means a genuine increase in our circulation.

RENEWALS. Though all these premiums are calculated on the basis of NEW SUBSCRIBERS at full rates, we will accept renewals AT FULL RATES on the basis of TWO RENEWALS where ONE NEW SUBSCRIPTION is called for.

PRETTY GOLD LOCKET AND CHAIN.

One of the most admired of all our premiums. Splendid quality 14k. gold-filled, bright or dull finish; twisted rope chain and heart-shaped locket, medium size; with place for two portraits. Both locket and chain given for TWELVE new subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

Either locket or chain alone for SIX NEW subscriptions, as above.

N.B.—For 15 cents a letter, in cash, or for four renewals at 40 cents each, we will have locket engraved with handsome monogram, two or three letters.

STAMP AND PAD FREE.

Any boy will be charmed with this rubber stamp, with his name and address on and self-inking pad; with care should last for years. Free for FIVE NEW subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

SAFETY RAZOR.

If you've never used one, just try it. Can't cut yourself. A novice can handle it. 'Once tried, always used.' Each razor has twelve highly tempered blades, which can be honed and stropped if desired, so they will last for years.

Free for only SIX NEW subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

FARMERS' KNIFE.

A splendid combination article, strong buck-horn handle, seven useful tools in one, besides two fine blades—Sheffield make. A knife for every practical man.

Free for only FIVE NEW subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

SOUVENIR 'PROVINCE' SPOONS.

Coffee size, sterling silver, handle finished with coat of arms of the various provinces in beautifully colored hard enamel. One of these spoons with coat of arms of one's own province, and the name of one's town or Christian name engraved on the bowl would be a life long pleasure to the owner. No extra charge for engraving any one name on the bowl. Gold or silver finish as desired. One of these sterling spoons free for FIVE NEW subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

STERLING 'KING AND QUEEN' SPOON.

Coffee size, sterling silver souvenir spoons, handle showing head of King or head of Queen as selected.

Bowl may be engraved to order—any one name—a very pretty spoon indeed. May be had in either silver or gold finish. Free for only FIVE NEW subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

REMEMBER! All the above premium offers are for absolutely new subscriptions at 40 cents each. Two renewals at 40 cents to count as one new subscription. Further particulars cheerfully given. Sample copies, and subscription blanks freely and promptly sent on application.

Remit the correct number of subscriptions for any of the above offers. Name your premium clearly and it will be sent at once. Address, John Dougall & Son, Publishers of the 'Northern Messenger,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

P.S.—In any of the above offers one NEW subscription to the 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead,' at $1.00, will be taken as equal to two 'Messengers,' or one NEW subscription to 'World Wide,' at $1.50, as equal to three 'Messengers.'

FOR OTHER PREMIUMS SEE LAST WEEK'S ISSUE.

Have You Renewed?

If your 'Messenger' subscription expires December, 1907 (see date on the address label of this issue), you should remit AT ONCE, to save disappointment and loss of any issue. For bargains in the way of subscription offers see the coupon page at the back of this issue.

Why not secure also some new subscribers and earn some of the splendid premiums we offer elsewhere in this paper?

Real Coupon Values.

Every 'Messenger' reader should study our coupon values on page 15.

The coupons are designed to fit the needs of each reader, those whose renewal subscriptions are now due, and those whose subscriptions for the 'Messenger' are not due immediately, or who get the 'Messenger' through their Sunday Schools. Look them over and see the one that will suit you best. You may as well secure their value. The 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead,' together with the 'Canadian Pictorial,' will provide 'Messenger' readers with the best reading and pictures at the lowest prices in Canada.

ABOUT THE 'WITNESS.'

1236 South Fifteenth St., Philadelphia,
June 17, 1907.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son:—

Dear Sir,—I have lost track of how my subscription to the 'Weekly Witness' stands. So just use up this two dollars enclosed on paper and postage as far as it will go, then I'll send more. Your paper is so excellent that with the added postage I will still be your debtor.

THOS. V. KENNEDY.

Mill Village, N.S.

The 'Witness' has first place among the papers in my study.

(REV.) BENJ. HILLS.

BUDGET FROM BUSY BOYS.

No need to comment on these letters. They come from boys who 'know a good thing when they see it.' How about you?

I received the dozen 'Canadian Pictorials.' They sold like wild-fire. Send on another half dozen, so that I can get my camera.—G. W. Elms, B. R——, Nfld.

I received my premium knife for selling the 'Canadian Pictorial' on Saturday, and was very much pleased with it. I think it is a beautiful knife, and many thanks for it. Everyone that has seen it thinks it is a beauty, for so little work.—Flora V. Looper, N——, Ont.

I received camera last night, and I am very well pleased with it. Thank you very much.—Harry Shufelt, B——, Que.

I received the stamp, and was very much pleased, and I think it worth selling a hundred papers for.—C. Edward Dewar, St. G.——, N.B.

I received my fountain pen, and don't see how you can afford them. Could have sold it for $3.60, but did not.—Haskett Burton, C——, Ont.

I received the watch and chain this evening all right. I like it fine, and it is running all right. Thank you for sending it so quickly. I am well pleased with it, and think I am well paid.—Irving J. W. Wye, S——, Ont.

I received the fountain pen alright, and thank you very much for it. I think it is a nice present for so little work—Mrs. Wm. Wight, McP. F.——,

I received my jack-knife, and I am well pleased with it. How much is it worth? I was offered fifty cents for it before I undid it.—Samuel Hutchings, J—— F.——, Ont.

I like the pen fine. I think it is a dandy good pen.—Fred. Grant McGregor, K——, Ont.

I am very well pleased with my watch, and thank you very much for your promptness in sending it.—Harold Blaney, M., Man.

I received the watch to-day, and think it is a dandy. I consider I am well paid for my trouble. Thanking you for your favor.—Wm. J. Jameson. W——, Que.

I received my watch and chain all right, and think it is a dandy. I would not take $5.00 for it. I think some of the boys around here will be trying for one, too.—Wesley Hutchinson, R——, Ont.

'Pictorials' came all right. Having a sore foot, I was unable to get out to sell them, but my little sister, six years old, sold them all in less than three hours. Nearly everybody she asked took one.—Douglas A. Wright, N——, B.C.

I received my camera, and am very pleased with it. Please send me nine more 'Canadian Pictorials.'—Ernest Truly, H—— B——, Ont.

I received the 'watch' premium all right. Am well pleased with it; it keeps good time, looks well, and is certainly worth the amount of work I took to get it.—William R. Bird, A——, N.S.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the watch you sent me. I think it is a real beauty. It keeps good time, and I don't know how you can give them away for so little money.—Percy Oliver, A——, P.E.I.

Would you kindly forward fourteen 'Canadian Pictorials,' which I agree to sell to obtain reward offered by you, viz., fountain pen. I am very pleased indeed with watch, which is going fine and keeps good time, far above what I expected. Thanking you in anticipation. — Henry Mang, H——, via Balgonie, Sask.

HOW TO DO IT.

IF YOU want to be in line for fine premiums—a lot to choose from, send TO-DAY for a package of 'Pictorials' to start on, our latest enlarged premium list, and all necessary information.

'All that other boys can do, why with promptness should not you?'

Address, JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

P.S.—Montreal city boys can earn on same terms as others, but must call at 'Witness' Office for supplies, and be prepared to pay part cash in advance.

Cameras, Knives, Watches, Pens, Paint Boxes, Cuff Links, etc., etc.

Our Annual Word to Our Readers:

THE 'WITNESS' is loved all over the Dominion by those who hold dear the cause of good journalism, and all the causes which good journalism subserves, and indeed without their active co-operation its fight for those 'things that are of good report' would be a failure. We leave to kind contemporaries who recently greeted a special edition of the paper to appreciate its position among newspapers. Not by easy paths can such a position be either attained or maintained. The path of duty often brings estrangements of subscribers and advertisers such as the uninitiated can hardly imagine. But the warfare that necessarily makes enemies in countless directions also makes valiant and resolute friends, of whom the 'WITNESS' has a constituency, hardly to be paralleled by any other newspaper, whose intelligence, broad-mindedness and fairmindedness would have stimulated the greatest writers and thinkers of any time, because it constitutes the moral back-bone of the country. The 'WITNESS' readers appreciate independence in it because they hold dear their own independence, and, though they often disagree with its point of view, they respect their paper—indeed they love it, as few newspapers are loved.

Besides the losses incurred through open war, a newspaper conducted in the interest of its readers must forego a large proportion of the current advertising, involving an enormous loss of revenue and it must also forego that class of circulation which can only be won by vulgarity and still more questionable reading, such as detailed reports of brutal sports and of crime, familiarity with all which is in these days proving so deteriorating to the people.

In various ways the 'WITNESS' foregoes a revenue approaching $50,000.00 annually in the interests of its readers and with the welfare of the country in mind.

With selected advertising we cannot give such a bulk and spread of paper, or be so lavish in expenditures as would be possible were all money-making means used, but we make up in quality for defect of quantity and furnish as much reading as almost any family can want in newspaper form.

Against all these material disadvantages the 'WITNESS' has had nothing to appeal to but the unswerving conscience of a more than usually highminded constituency, the like of which for virtue and robust morality and public spirit probably no other general newspaper in the world can boast.

It is common in the pulpit to pray for the newspaper press, and such a prayer is no doubt on the hearts of many as they realize more and more how much power it wields for good or evil. Such prayers are answered by the needful co-operation of all who can lend a hand to support and extend the influence of those papers that do strive after high ideals.

'STRIKE WHEN THE IRON IS HOT.'

At this time of the year people are considering what paper they will take, and as it is of the first importance what paper people read, we ask our subscribers kindly to seek any opportunity of recommending the 'WITNESS' for a year's trial, and such of our subscribers who will couple their recommendation with an offer of reduced rates through taking advantage of one of our clubbing offers, will do us a still greater favor.

By increasing the circulation of the 'WITNESS' its influence will be multiplied and its resources augmented. It will consequently be able to develop new features from time to time, and will at any time of national stress be better able to champion the cause of the people.

May we not ask then of each of our subscribers that he or she will study the clubbing and other announcements made elsewhere in this issue and see what they have to offer to their friends, and then, without trusting to chance opportunity, plan a definite visit before another week goes by to some one who should be a sharer in the 'WITNESS' enterprise, and a member of the ancient and honorable company of 'WITNESS' readers.

Thanking one and all for all that they have done in times past.

We beg to subscribe ourselves,

Your friends, THE PUBLISHERS OF THE 'WITNESS.'

ABOUT THE 'WITNESS.'

WHAT OTHER NEWSPAPERS HAVE SAID WITHIN THE LAST FEW DAYS ABOUT IT.

TORONTO 'STAR.'

The Montreal 'Witness' has issued a special industrial number, which is a credit to that newspaper, and also to the city in which it is printed.

THE 'NATION,' ST. JEROME, QUE.

We congratulate the 'Witness' for its spirit of enterprise in the best interests of the trade of our metropolis.

'DAILY NEWS,' ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

The Montreal 'Witness' is recognized as prominent among the leaders in Canadian thought, and none can scan its pages without being assured of its sincerity.

We congratulate our esteemed contemporary upon its enterprise.

THE 'TRIBUNE,' SACKVILLE, N.B.

The 'Witness' has shown itself one of Canada's leading papers. It is deserving of warm commendation from all who are interested in the development of Canada.

THE 'CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN,' TORONTO.

The 'Witness' is one of the newspapers that we can unreservedly commend to all our readers. Its high moral tone, and unimpeachable integrity have made it a foremost factor in our national life, and we trust it will long continue to do most effective work as an outspoken, fearless, and able exponent of national righteousness.

'EVENING POST,' LINDSAY, ONT.

The Montreal 'Witness' takes rank among the great papers of the Dominion, and exercises as great an influence as any of them.

THE 'TIMES,' BROCKVILLE,' ONT.

The Montreal 'Witness' has just issued a special industrial edition which is worthy of all commendation. . . . It is hoped that the issue will obtain a wide circulation throughout the English-speaking world. It is sure to do Canada good, and the publishers of the 'Witness' are to be congratulated upon their enterprise.

THE 'RECORDER,' MITCHELL, ONT.

The 'Witness' is one of the best and most reliable newspapers published in the Dominion and deserves the large patronage it receives.

'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead.'

Coupon No. 1. Worth 35c.

Enclosed please find 65 cents, which, with this coupon, worth 35 cents, will pay for the 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead' for one year. I get the 'Messenger' at our Sunday School, but have not been taking the 'Witness.'

Name.. .. ..

Address.. .. ..

Date.. .. ..Prov. .. ..

EXTRAORDINARY OFFERS.

Where ONE of the papers taken is NEW for person subscribing.

'Canadian Pictorial.'

Coupon No. 2. Worth 35c.

Enclosed please find 65 cents, which, with this coupon, worth 35 cents, will pay for the 'Canadian Pictorial' for one year. We get the 'Messenger' at our Sunday School, but I have not taken the 'Pictorial' before.

Name.. .. ..

Address.. .. ..

Date.. .. ..Prov. .. ..

All 'Northern Messenger' readers will be interested in the extraordinary offers represented by the coupons on this page. Their own paper and one or other or both of the following:—

'WEEKLY WITNESS and CANADIAN HOMESTEAD' $1.

The 'Witness' gives all the news that is worthy the attention of the average reader. It keeps its readers well informed on all subjects of interest. The cable, the telegraph, and the telephone, together with a staff of competent editors and reporters, all unite to make its news columns second to none.

The 'Witness' editorial pages are acknowledged by its readers on all sides to be both fair and forceful.

Reliable commercial news and quotations of the money, stock, and produce markets are features that make it of great value in the world of commerce, finance, and agriculture.

All right thinking people appreciate such a paper as the 'Witness,' standing as it does for all that is best in Journalism. Latest News, Market and Stock reports, Literary Review, Good Stories, Boys' Page, Queries on all subjects, departments for "The Home,' 'Children's Corner,' 'Agricultural,' 'The Garden,' 'Poultry' (conducted by Macdonald College expert), 'Veterinary,' etc., etc. A clean business and home newspaper. Suits every member of the family. Indispensable to the farmer. Invaluable in any calling. Once a subscriber, always a friend.

Many of the best men and women of Canada are proud to acknowledge that they were "brought up on the 'Witness.'"

For tributes to the 'Witness', read the letters on page [illegible], and see also page 3.

'CANADIAN PICTORIAL' $1.00 a Year

The best printed magazine in Canada, crowded with the most interesting pictures of recent happenings, pictures of beautiful or curious things, portraits of people in the public eye, snap shots, etc., etc. Next best thing to travelling and seeing people, places and events with one's own eyes. The 'Canadian Pictorial' has simply bounded into popularity, and to-day boasts a larger circulation than any other magazine in Canada. It contains about a thousand square inches of pictures in each issue, and costs to produce about a thousand dollars each issue—sometimes considerably more.

The more people are educated, the more they appreciate and value pictures of current events, for they convey so much information in so short a time. But the children also profit by and enjoy them, and the 'Pictorial' thus appeals to every member of the family.

The press of Canada, from coast to coast, has said the nicest things about the 'Canadian Pictorial.' Here are two or three specimens:

It is beautifully printed. A most creditable production.—'Herald,' Yarmouth, N.S.

Every illustration is a work of art—some of its pictures fit for framing.—'Mining Record,' N.S.

It is filled with splendidly executed photogravures.—'Times,' St. John, N.B.

It bears out its undertaking to give its patrons only the highest class of work and certainly offers them the maximum of pictures.—'Star,' Toronto, Ont.

The pictures in the 'Pictorial' are among the finest that have been produced.—'World,' Vancouver, B.C.

BOTH FOR ONE DOLLAR WITH COUPON No. 3

The 'Messenger' and one of the above with Coupon No. 4.
The 'Messenger' and both of above with Coupon No. 5.
Coupons 1, 2 and 3 for S. S. Teachers and Scholars.

Coupon No. 3. Worth $1.00.

'Canadian Pictorial.'
'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead.'

Enclosed please find $1.00, which, with this coupon, worth $1.00, will pay for the 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead' and the 'Canadian Pictorial' both for one year.

Name.. .. ..

Address.. .. ..

Date.. .. ..Prov. .. ..

Coupon No. 4. Worth 40c.

'Canadian Pictorial,'
with 'Messenger,' OR
'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead,'
with 'Messenger.'

Enclosed please find $1.00, which, with this coupon, worth 40 cents, will pay for the 'Northern Messenger' and the*.....
.....for one year.

Name.. .. ..

Address.. .. ..

Date.. .. ..Prov. .. ..

*Insert here the name of whichever of the two above-mentioned papers is wanted along with the 'Messenger.'

Coupon No. 5. Worth $1.25.

'Northern Messenger.'
'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead.'
'Canadian Pictorial.'

Enclosed please find $1.15, which, with this coupon, worth $1.25, will pay for the three papers mentioned above, one year each

Name.. .. ..

Address.. .. ..

Date.. .. ..Prov. .. ..

THE ONLY CONDITIONS WITH ABOVE RATES ARE:—1. That subscription MUST be sent on one of these coupons; and (2) that one at least of the papers in any combination must be NEW to the person remitting.

Send in postal note, money order, or registered letter to JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers of 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead,' and agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.' Address, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

HOUSEHOLD.

Three Things.

Remember, three things come not back:
The arrow sent upon its track—
It will not swerve, it will not stay
Its speed; it flies to wound or slay.

The spoken word, so soon forgot
By thee; but it has perished not;
In other hearts 'tis living still,
And doing work for good or ill.

And the lost opportunity,
That cometh back no more to thee.
In vain thou weepest, in vain dost yearn.
Those three will nevermore return.

—From the 'German.'

'MESSENGER' PATTERNS

FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.

NO. 5949.—MISSES' SHIRTWAIST.

This design is adaptable alike to the heavy washable fabrics and the light weight woollens. The front closes in double-breasted style and fastens with buttons and button-holes. The sleeves are full length, finished by turned back cuffs. Stylish neck completion is given by a turn down collar, attached to a standing band. The design will make up prettily in wool batiste, pongee, cashmere, mohair and light flannel. For a girl of 15 years 2 3-4 yards of 36-inch material will be required. Sizes for 15, 16, and 17 years.

'NORTHERN MESSENGER' PATTERN COUPON.

Please send me

Pattern.	Size.
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for which I enclose .. .. .. cents

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N.B.—It is always safer to cut out illustrations and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. Allow one week beyond time needed for return of post, as orders are handled in rotation. Price, 10 cents, in stamps or postal note. Address 'Northern Messenger' Pattern Department, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

My Neighbor's Boy.

(Frank Walcott Hutt, in the 'S. S. Visitor.')

I used to pity a boy next door,
He looked so tiny, and pinched, and poor;
He rose so early, and worked so late,
And toiled all day at a steady rate
At weeding gardens, or sowing seed,
Or wheresoever there seemed a need.

But when I heard, on a cloudy day,
That same boy singing, across the way,
And how he laughed as with might and main
He raced to finish before the rain,
I changed the pity that once I had
To honest praise for my neighbor's lad.

A Receipt for Simple Living.

The following excellent morsels of advice, whose author calls them 'four rules of sincerity,' are well worth committing to memory. We can all mark, read, and inwardly digest them with profit. The rules in brief are these:

We should never buy things that we do not want.

We should never willingly, or through mere indifference buy things that are not genuine.

We should never try to do things that we know we cannot do, or have not time to do.

And we should never do things that we do not want to do, just because other people do them and ask us to do them.

If we all observed these four rules of sincerity, we should discover that simplicity of life is, after all, an attainable ideal.—'C. E. World.'

Our Daily Tasks.

Duty forbids you and me to spend all our time in meditations, however profitable, or in psalm-singing, however sweet. There is too much work to be done, there are too many battles to be fought, too many crosses to be borne, too many trials to be endured. Spiritual frames should not unfit us for practical duties, but the hours on the mountain tops should fit us all the more for the humbler valleys of everyday life. We can have our Master with us all the time—in our common rounds and daily tasks. And the lowly valleys in which we do our work and meet our friends and business associates, ought to be just as verdant and well-watered as those mountain tops where we 'see no man save Jesus only.'—Dr. Cuyler.

You cannot possibly have a better Cocoa than

EPPS'S

A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

COCOA

Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers in ¼-lb. and ½-lb Tins.

Answering Advertisements.

If 'Messenger' readers ordering goods advertized in the 'Messenger' will state in their order that they saw the advertisement in the 'Messenger,' it will be greatly appreciated by all concerned.

THE BABY'S OWN

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
(Strictly in Advance.)

Single copies	$ .40 a year.
Three Copies, separately addressed, if desired, for	1.00 "
Four Copies, separately addressed, if desired, per copy	.30 "
Ten Copies or more, to one address, per copy	.20 "

Six months trial at half the above rates.

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U. S. Postage 50c extra to the United States, Alaska, Hawaiian and Philippine Islands, except in clubs, to one address, when every four copies will be fifty cents extra postage per annum.

Foreign Postage to all countries not named in the above list, **fifty cents extra.**

Samples and Subscription Blanks freely and promptly sent on request.

SUNDAY SCHOOL OFFER.

Any school in Canada that does not take 'The Messenger,' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

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All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

GOLD FILLED WATCH AND RING GIVEN FREE

FOR SELLING ONLY 25 PIECES OF OUR JEWELLERY AT 10 CENTS EACH.

We will positively give BOTH a Handsome Gold Filled American Movement Watch, Beautiful Engraved, and also a Gold Filled Ring set with a Sparkling Gem; Free to anyone for selling only 25 pieces of our fast selling Jewellery Novelties at 10 cents each and sending us the $2.50 collected when sold. Just send us your name and address and we will mail to you at once, all charges paid by us, 25 pieces of our fast selling Jewellery Novelties, which you can easily sell to your friends and neighbors at the small price of 10 cents each, and when you have the 25 pieces all sold send us the $2.50 collected and we will mail to your address the very same day we receive the money, Both the Watch and the Ring. We trust you with the 25 pieces of Jewellery until all are sold so it will cost you nothing, only a little work in your spare moments to earn Both the Handsome Gold Filled Watch, Stem Wind and Stem Set, and warranted a good time keeper, and also the Gold Filled Ring Set with a Sparkling Gem.

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